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THE



# CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

No. CCXLVIII.

MARCH, 1865.

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THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

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MARCH, 1865.

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ART. I.—THE TRUE WORK AND METHOD OF THE  
PREACHER.

THE mere success or failure of the preacher is less important than the dignity of the end he proposes and the purity of the means he employs. A charlatan may triumph, yet deserve contempt; a prophet fail, and still be admirable. For example, the success which attended the preaching of Jonah at Nineveh reflects no great credit on him. Suppose the circumstances of the place in which we live were the same. Imagine a stranger to come before the people and find them prepared to believe his declaration, that, unless they placated the anger of God, in forty days the town would be destroyed and all within it indiscriminately perish. Would not the inhabitants fall on their knees in supplication, or rush forth to avert the calamity? The preaching of Jonah to the Ninevites was simply a threat of destruction. Giving credence to the threat, as they did, no wonder it produced a ferment. Could preachers to-day deliver a similar message, and be believed, how quickly they would have the world prostrate in selfish prayer! The success of Jonah, instead of proving his greatness as a preacher, only shows the external quality of his end, and the sensational adaptation of his means. Jesus does not eulogize him or his method, but merely contrasts the docility of the Ninevites with the stubbornness of the Jews. “The people of Nineveh shall rise up in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; because they repented at the preaching of Jonah; and, behold, a greater than Jonah is here!” Many

a sermon, incomparably greater in beauty and eloquence and profundity than that of Jonah, has been preached to modern congregations who have slept under it or yawned at it. The fact is, in preaching, as in other things, in individual cases, the grandest agencies do not always appear to produce the grandest results. A blast may seem more effective than the atmosphere, a billow than the tide, a gun than the thunders of heaven. The exertions of the rarest powers of the human mind, equipped with their costliest endowments, wielding the sublimest truths of nature and grace, may tell for nothing on an audience too coarse and hard to appreciate them. Yet, in the long run, the influence of the highest gifts and attainments of the soul, in the loftiest regions of experience, exerts a despotic control on the destinies of mankind. The phenomena of the aurora borealis would not appear to have any lesson for moles burrowing in the earth; but that weird shimmering of skyey lights is the play of forces whose vibration and equilibrium hold the globe in its orbit, retain the ingredients of earth and air in their adjustment, and support the existence of the humblest animalcule as well as that of Shakespeare and Leibnitz. On the other hand, a preacher may at once produce large visible consequences simply because his weapons are gross and his aim low, precisely in the range to do execution among the perceptions and passions of his auditors. Cater to a voracious desire, and you will give pleasure and receive thanks; though the gratification be transient and the issue pernicious. But unveil a celestial ideal, and the blind will see nothing, and the swinish will rend the hand that exposes such a rebuke to them; though growing numbers of aspirants in after ages may be ravished by the sight. Hit a prejudice, and you may shudder at the fierce reaction; but plant a principle, and no shock will succeed, though in due season a harvest may be reaped.

Jesus himself, with his incomparable superiority, did not immediately produce so great an external effect by his preaching as Jonah did. But what a contrast in the quality, the enduring and diffusive power of their respective teachings! The first purpose of Jonah was to make the people put on sackcloth, and crouch before their altars. He effected this

by frightening them. The result was as poor and transient as it was quick and general. In what respect are mankind any different to-day from what they would have been had Jonah never preached? The aim of Jesus was to implant in the minds of his hearers regenerating sentiments, germs of divine truth, religious principles, which would take root and bear fruit unto eternal life. This was a work beset by a thousand obstacles, and only to be accomplished slowly, here and there, in individual souls. The result was spiritual, the deathless cause of other results which have already overspread half the earth and will at last redeem it all. The style of preaching exemplified by Jonah is a frantic effort to excite men to special formal acts. The style of preaching exemplified by Jesus is a wise effort to inspire men with a consecrating purpose, to infuse into their souls a principle of spiritual assimilation which will build them into moral images of God.

For the true direction of our preference between these two ideas of preaching, we must, by perceiving the sophistry that underlies it, neutralize our natural inclination to attribute the greatest importance to that which is the most impressive to the senses. We must remember that, if a gale can strip a field or level a house, the summer atmosphere ripens the harvests of a world; if a wave can crush a boat, the tide bears the commerce of the nations and refreshes the globe with its embrace; if the gun of a sportsman can sever a twig or slay a bird, the electricity of heaven constrains the firmament and fertilizes a universe. And the same principle is true in the moral sphere. Though the overt effects of arbitrary doctrines and extravagant methods, the terrifying and convulsing of men by the skilful plying of artificial or overstrained motives, may produce effects more swift and startling, yet they are so much less deep and fruitful, so much less fitted to the healthy realities of our nature and situation, that they are insignificant in comparison with the steady cultivation of the type of character exemplified in Jesus,—that spirit and character which constitute the essence of salvation, and whose ever-multiplying reproduction is finally to bring heaven itself down on the cities and fields of earth to permeate all the homes of humanity.

What should the occupants of the pulpit at the present time aim at, and how shall they compass it? By considering this subject we hope in some degree to remove the erroneous notions and clear up the confusion prevalent in regard to it. The false and the genuine aims and methods of preaching, is a subject as practical to the audience as to the speaker. It would be of the greatest mutual service to every congregation and minister if both of them, at the outset of their partnership, had a vivid knowledge of the truth on this subject. Let us endeavor to compass that knowledge.

We are confronted on the threshold by the deadly error into which so many preachers and congregations fall, that the object to be aimed at is the excitement of the feelings. This opinion is widely prevalent, and is pernicious in many ways. It is undeniable that the first demand of most listeners to public speaking is emotional entertainment. The average representatives of nearly every assembly like that speaker best, not who is the truest and wisest, but who most thoroughly stirs them from their lethargy. They do not praise that address most which gives the most instruction, but that which transports them with the most unwonted fervor. Merit with them does not consist in the conveyance of profound thoughts, the illustration of great principles, the expression of sacred and exalting sentiments, the exhibition of inviting privileges, the enforcement of imperious duties; but in the contagion of heated feeling, skill in mirroring back to them, in heightened hues and forms, what they themselves think and feel,—ability in playing on their senses by artful sentences, tones, and gestures. Under the influence of this standard of merit the preacher is tempted to present to his audience the vulgar stimulants which are more commonly applicable, but which degrade while they amuse, instead of the noble ones which refine and exalt, but to which only the few are at once susceptible. He is tempted to devote himself to the coarse portrayal of mental pictures which generate in the contemplator an effervescent zeal soon going out, instead of devoting himself to the careful exposition of those eternal ideas which would kindle convictions and desires to last and work with the endurance of our being.

Considering that the principal demand of most audiences from their preachers is excitement, there is one singular phenomenon often presented in their conduct, one frequent feature in the treatment of the clergyman by the laity, which, although at first sight it seems curiously incongruous and unfair, on a deeper inspection will be seen to be quite natural. There will be found in almost every congregation a body of persons who, while they greatly enjoy æsthetic exhibitions of power and eloquence, and eagerly desire to be warmed and thrilled by their preacher, would yet prohibit him from touching any of the themes best calculated to call out his genius and energy. They would confine him to commonplaces and abstractions, about which they are themselves deathfully indifferent, but on which they expect him to be so inspired, that from his tingling batteries he can surcharge their frozen bosoms every Sunday. Should a humane heart or a vigorous conscience lead him to speak in downright earnestness of the aspects and duties of the time, public wrongs crying for redress, unholy institutions and cruel usages, or their own favorite sins, they start back in disgust and anger, and tell him he must not touch these topics ; they are too exciting ! How is this ? Do they not wish excitement ? O yes, only — this is the secret — they wish to be stirred with truisms, not with anything counter to their private views and passions, not with anything new that will interfere with their rooted opinions and require the labor of thought on their part. If not offended themselves by such agitating novelties, they fear others will be, and that the church will not be filled ; forgetting that not the repletion of pews, but the education of souls, is the end of preaching. They want excitement, but only an excitement that will shock no prejudices and disturb no ease ; that will heighten and entertain their consciousness, but make no demand on their will. They love to be electrified by the superb declamation of the orator, but they hate to feel obliged to go and fight Philip afterwards. They are therefore perfectly consistent in vetoing the introduction of the vital subjects of the hour into the pulpit, or any bold presentation of the newest phases of old subjects, because the feeling these would engender would call for active sympathy,

reformation of prejudices, manifold laborious exertions ; and what they exclusively covet is a sensational and ideal excitement, whirling inwardly in the circles of the soul, and dying inanely away with the occasion that begot it, in a sort of sentimental voluptuousness.

There are fatal objections to regarding this kind of excitement as the end of preaching. In the first place, it ministers to the degradation of character in him who practises it. When a preacher permits himself to fall in with the popular craving for excitement, and labors for it as an end, it tends to debauch his sincerity, his truthfulness of feeling and manner. It betrays him into exaggerations. Sophistry supersedes wisdom, and rant and cant take the place of studious reasoning. He toils after the most effective ideas, instead of the soundest ; the most moving expressions, whether correct or incorrect, instead of the simple utterance of unperverted facts. He prefers what is telling to what is honest, works himself into galvanized fervors, loses the dignified consecration of truth and nature. This is an evil in itself, and cannot fail to be productive of spreading evils in its effects. To think more of show than of reality, to put impression above worth, is to be a trickster ; and when the primal fount of character is thus corrupt, all the influence sent from it will be corrupting. One of the most popular preachers in Massachusetts for several years, afforded a striking instance in proof. He drew thousands to hear him every Sunday. They hung as if fascinated on his feverish and infectious lips. Hearing him several times, we made a study of his method. His discourses consisted of a cunning dovetailing of uncredited quotations from the most eloquent authors, scraps of orations and bits of poetry, the obvious law of selection being neither inherent value nor relevancy, but simply adaptedness for impassioned declamation. One in a hundred of his hearers was disgusted ; the rest were delighted, and looked on him with admiration. He was detected in offences not decent to be named, and left his parish in disgrace.

Secondly, these extravagances of statement and manner, catering to a vulgar level of mind, this comparative recklessness of means if so be the end is attained, not only imply a

shallow and undedicated nature in him who stoops to them ; they are seen through by sober and discerning minds, and they nauseate such minds. Undue transports of pretended or real feeling, assertions and manifestations that overstep the modest realities of nature for the sake of creating excitement, by the reaction they produce do more harm, provoke more dissent and dislike, and leave more coldness, than would readily be thought. When the preacher waxes fanatical, and screams denunciations or exhorts to piety at the utmost pitch of his voice, and beats all the dust out of the pulpit, the majority of the audience, sitting quietly in their pews, so far from being excited to deep religious warmth, coolly ask themselves, " Why so heated and noisy ? Is it not out of keeping with the holy stillness of the hour, the unmoved solemnities of God and Truth ? " And of those who fall in with the declamatory fervor, and like it, the most are not permanently influenced. They merely feel, " How eloquent that is ! What a smart minister we have got ! " Preaching with vehement exertion for the sake of moving the feelings can be successful only with ignorant or frivolous persons. To those of earnest hearts and keen minds it is ever repugnant. Of course we do not object to a delivery honestly inspired with power,—that is a different thing. The spontaneous venting in great speech and action of deep energies kindled by glorious visions is always admirable.

Thirdly, the stirring of an immediate excitement in his audience is an aim which, even if they strive solely for it, not one preacher in a hundred can secure without having recourse to meretricious and mischievous artifices. The people assemble in church so often, from youth up, under the same general circumstances, to pass through the same order of services, to listen to exhortations or disquisitions on the same subjects, that it becomes a routine subjecting them to a deadening set of habits. All around is silent and calm. No sudden events, novel and thrilling issues, help to enlist the passions and give a fresh interest to the scene and the address. The concrete outward exigencies, the intense zeal and expectation, the absorbing party-spirit and personal loyalty, the instant material prizes, which lie ready before the lawyer and the pol-

itian, as tinder and torch, are wanting. Under such conditions, to ask the preacher, week after week, with his worn themes and instruments, to make all those passive breasts heave and throb with religious excitement, all their nerves burn with spiritual vitality, is asking too much of a mortal man. Genius is competent to do it occasionally ; but not even the richest genius can always do it. To live long in such an unnatural state of fervor as that would require, if dignified and sincere, would exhaust the powers of the brain, and induce delirium or paralysis,—as has repeatedly happened, untimely quenching bright lights of the pulpit. Merely to excite a strong sensation should never be regarded as the cardinal end of preaching ; for no man can regularly and permanently do it. Then disappointment is felt, and complaints and other evils arise. There is a perilous temptation, furthermore, to take the shortest cut to the object, to use the cheapest means when the costlier are too arduous ; and then we are treated to exhibitions of antic gesture, speech, and thought, as when a celebrated American divine plays pantomimes in the pulpit, or the English Spurgeon tells his hearers, “ If you find the Bible dry reading, you will yourselves be dry enough in hell ! ”

But, fourthly, suppose the preacher could sweep every bosom through the whole diapason of feeling at his will. Suppose he had a miraculous power, and every Sunday should seize the hearts of his auditory and wind them up to the highest pitch of passionate emotion, flooding their whole consciousness with ecstatic fervor. What good would that be ? If they were as people now are, the excitement would be merely so much æsthetic enjoyment to them for the time. It would die out with the occasion and leave no fertilizing deposit. If the preacher concentrates his power in driving home to some regenerating purpose or fruitful issue the heat he stirs, or if the auditor is so much in earnest as to the import of his life as to apply every stimulus given him to its proper end in his own improvement, then eloquence is a blessed agency. But most frequently these conditions fail to be met. There is a show-oratory whose false glare, having no fire to burn up any evil or to kindle any good, idly dazzles the gazer. There are *di-*

*lettanti* hearers whose interest in listening to splendid speech terminates in a depraving luxury. We have in mind, at this moment, a man who for twenty years has sat under the ministrations of one of the most eloquent preachers in America. He has taken boundless delight in hearing him. We have repeatedly heard him say that, on listening to some outburst of extraordinary power and beauty, he "was so moved that he actually thought he should have jumped out of his skin." Yet, after this experience of twenty years' burning eloquence from the pulpit and fervid response in the pew, he is to-day as odious a specimen of selfishness, meanness, egotism, petty conceit, as we know. The eloquent preaching has not tickled him out of one old weakness or vice, nor into one new grace or virtue. It has been perverted from a means into an end. His delight has been so much titillation of the nerves, so much detached force spinning to waste in the centres of the brain. Obviously this sort of excitement is but an evanescent series of pleasurable sensations. For the most part, it fades ineffectually out with its cause. Sometimes it perverts the feelings, turning them inwards and making them insensible to their legitimate outward objects. It is not, therefore, even regarded at its best, a good worthy to be made the aim of preaching.

We conclude, then, on the whole, that the preacher who aims merely to awaken the warmth of momentary emotions in his auditors, by spiritual charlatanry, the tricks of the rhetorician and the elocutionist, fails even when he succeeds,—fails, that is to say, to do anything worth doing. He does not determine their wills, convince their judgments, alter their hearts, elevate their lives, or improve the characteristic spirit that dominates them. He sows nothing that will bear fruit. He but strikes a note whose echo dies with the sound that made it. The essential error and injury of this is, that it is the squandering of so much time, life, and soul. The greater the energy, the deeper the loss. The wheel of thought rolls in its wasting stream, the upright shaft of feeling revolves in its idle socket, out of gear with the machinery of practical purpose, so that the entire display is an empty expenditure, not weaving an inch of real fabric of life. Men ought to go to

church, not to feel a vain excitement, but to gain a solid benefit,—to make progress in the attainment of wisdom, virtue, and piety, devotion to the best improvement of the faculties of their souls and the opportunities of their lives.

The characteristic end of preaching is personal edification, the improvement of character and experience: This peculiar aim discriminates the sermon from all other literary products, distinguishes the preacher from all other public speakers. The aim of the poet, as such, is pleasure, in the purest and highest sense of the word,—an ideal heightening of function. He does not, as a poet, seek to teach, to convince, to persuade, or to improve his reader, but simply to charm him by enriching his current of consciousness. Philosophical, political, moral, or religious ends may be associated in his work, or even dominate it: still his essential function is to minister to delight, and so far as these other purposes are subserved in his production, the philosopher, the patriot, or the Christian shines through the poet. Absolute poetry is the product of the purposeless play of the faculties, the spontaneous exuberance of the mind. It may be *used* for an end; it *has* no conscious end except the enjoyment which is in itself. A poem which profoundly pleased every reader would be regarded as successful and justified, although it did nothing else. In contrast with this, the distinctive aim of history, science, and philosophy is instruction;—to impart to the mind information concerning facts, events, and laws; to convey a knowledge of the truth, and satisfy rational curiosity. The historian, scientist, or philosopher, who clearly teaches his pupils the facts in his department, narrating events, describing subjects, explaining phenomena, solving problems, so as adequately to impress the memory and convince the reason, has successfully fulfilled his function, irrespective of any other effect, interior or exterior. All that is asked of him is simply instruction in truth.

Besides these two ends of pleasure and instruction, there is a large amount of writing, there are many varieties of speaking, whose aim is to secure some outward result, either directly, by an appropriate stirring of the feelings, or indirectly, by an adapted biasing of the judgment. The politician labors to

get a vote, the statesman to pass a measure, the lawyer to gain a verdict, the leader to animate his men for the battle ; and so on with the rest. The *dilettante* disclaimer aims, by his power and grace in the arts of rhetoric and elocution, to play on the faculties of his hearers, kindle emotion in them, awaken their admiration, and win their applause ; his show-speaking is really a species of sham poetry whose aim is pleasure. But all earnest oratory, outside of the province of the pulpit, looks to some definite overt result. It is a persuasion to an act.

Now the distinctive aim of the preacher is an inward result, a moral and spiritual step or evolution, some improvement of character, some advance in experience. It frequently looks indeed to the production of new and better conduct in the outward life, but to this only as the fruit of some beneficial internal change or impression in the springs of the being. The aim of the drama, like that of poetry,—of which, in fact, it is a complicated variety,—is entertainment. The actor is content when he sets the thoughts and passions of his audience in absorbing action ; he does not ask any abiding result, either outward or inward. The aim of all the fine arts, the true æsthetic constituent in any experience, is pleasurable excitement, no matter if it begin and die in itself. Poetic and dramatic speech falls entirely in this category. Forensic speech *applies* the excitement for the production of a material result in action. Pulpit speech, or preaching, *applies* the excitement for the production of a spiritual result in some alteration of the being or experience of the hearer. Preaching, therefore, may be a fine art in its instruments and means, but it is a useful art in its end. Its votary ceases to be a genuine preacher, and becomes a mere poet or player, the moment he is satisfied with aimless pleasure, content to engender an occupying excitement without applying it for a desirable and enduring result. Thus it is clear, then, that the object of all the arts of the Theatre is entertainment ; the object of all the arts of the School is instruction ; the object of all the arts of the Church is edification.

The Theatre once, before there was any popular School or Church, aimed in some degree both to train the minds and to purify the passions of its patrons ; but ceasing, long since,

to do that, it now caters merely to the harmless amusement of the hour ; and for the last generation it has been rapidly degenerating from the legitimate to the illegitimate drama, from the tragedies and comedies of the great masters of psychological and ethical science to the most grotesque farces and extravaganzas. The encroaching success of the opera is due to the fact that it adds to the other effective instrumentalities of the drama the richer and keener stimulus which music administers to the emotions,—is a greater æsthetic luxury, and makes a smaller moral demand. The School, common, collegiate, and professional, undertakes to equip man for worldly success, to secure his well-being as a member of society, furnishing him with the tools and methods whereby he may win his way in the crowd of rivals. The proper vocation of the Church is to train man for spiritual success, to secure his welfare as an immortal soul, an inhabitant of the City of God, by building up a character in harmony with all divine laws. These three institutions differ as much in the methods by which they try to compass their respective aims, as they do in those aims themselves. The School imprints the matter of its instruction in the memory by dint of exposition, precept, and repetition. The Theatre employs every available artifice to allure the faculties to yield themselves up in the most careless abandonment to the sights and sounds offered for their entertainment. The Church strives by its endeared and venerable associations to touch the heart, arouse reason and conscience, suggest solemn and commanding realities, engage the spirit in exercises calculated to result in personal edification. The most original and distinguishing agency by which the Church labors to effect its object is that of typical example on one side and aspiring loyalty on the other, the contagion of personal exhortation and sympathy, the living face and voice of the preacher in breathing motion, charged with a power which no formal routine of the school-room, no inarticulate pages of a book, can approach. Lifted above his congregation in the pulpit, the preacher is to deal with truth and grace at first hand, and let their workings in him shine forth for those who gaze on his countenance, that their consciousness may appropriate and reflect the edifying spectacle he exhibits. Look-

ing on him and seeing that he sees God, their eyes are to follow his, and catch the same beatific vision. He sees, and shows to others ; thinks, feels, is, and imparts to others what he thinks, feels, and is, for the purpose of rectifying and enriching them. The aim of genuine preaching, accordingly, in contrast with those modes of speech which aim at pleasure and outward action, is to furnish nutriment to the spiritual being, to make contributions in help of the growth and discipline of the soul and the wise conduct of life, to exalt and harmonize character, to make experience deeper, richer, and nobler. It may stir transient fervors, give great pleasure, and lead to overt outward acts, but these are not its end : its end is always the personal good of the hearer. And for the accomplishment of this end the preacher may rightfully use many of the instruments of the poet, the orator, and the actor ; it is only when he uses those instruments for other ends, or for their own sake, that he mistakes his place and forgets his function.

In the light of the foregoing exposition we are prepared to perceive in detail precisely what the proper method of the preacher is, his fitting topics, and the presiding stamp of purpose they should always bear. The foremost office of the preacher, in pursuit of his great end of edification, is to awaken the pious sentiments of his hearers, purify and invigorate the sources of emotion, smite the rocky mind till the spring of devotion flows forth in it. The people have come up to the temple of worship and peace,— come from the dust and struggle of the week, from the hurly-burly of the care-laden world. Now, for a brief respite, they tarry in the church. Surely the preacher will rather seek to soothe and strengthen, than to excite or amuse them. Surely he will perceive that the processes of spiritual nutrition are more appropriate for them than the processes of spiritual friction. In the circumstances under which they assemble, he cannot expect to meet their deepest wants by regaling them with an episode from the history of the Jews, or with a fragment from a treatise on book-keeping by double entry. It will be obvious to him that they cannot be truly ministered unto by the presentation of the trite alphabet of moral commonplaces, nor by the abstract technicalities of any branch of science or phi-

losophy. He will remember the differences that intermediately separate the glowing and edifying effusions of the Church from the entertaining recreations of the Theatre in one direction, and from the dry didactics of the Academy in the other. He will endeavor to touch their feverish, defiled, and weary hearts with the cleansing and cooling thoughts of penitence, God, and heaven. He will strike the keys of holy associations to call out the sentiments of faith, purity, and reverence. Well and happy is it then, both for him and them, if he can make the balm of heavenly consolations sink deeply into their wounds and sorrows, if he can kindle their sensibilities and lift their imaginations by strains of lofty fervor.

This may appear like a covert advocacy of what we have all along been arguing against, namely, sensational excitement. But we make a fundamental distinction. It is *unapplied* excitement, circular and fruitless motion, that is to be deprecated,—an excitement out of connection with improving character and beneficent activity,—the creation of eddies in the soul-current, which carry down no freight to the inheritance of our destiny, contributing nothing to, but taking away from, the momentum of the stream of life. A legitimate *applied* excitement, an excitement which makes the hard and closed faculties tender and receptive, which melts the soul in order to recast it in lovelier and nobler moulds, which inspires the heart and gives it wings to fly thenceforth on a higher level of experience,—this is the grandest of spiritual achievements. This is the function of genuine eloquence, which is a fusing power wielded by wisdom and directed by consecration; a heat generated by the orbital movements of great thoughts in great souls, not by the friction of petty fancies and vanities moving at random *in vacuo*. This weapon of disinterestedness is quite a different affair from that false eloquence which belongs to the sophist and the demagogue, the tool of selfishnesss. The sham orator practises the art of applying passionate words to the passions of his audience by means of passionate tones and gestures for the sake of pleasure or some base outward design. This is the test by which you may always know him. The true preacher practises the art of convincing the judgments and persuading the feelings of his

auditors by an earnest and sincere manifestation of truth and good, applying noble motives to their nobler faculties, for the improvement of their characters, conduct, and experience. This is the test by which you may know him. Instead of playing on the existing opinions and prejudices of his hearers, powerfully echoing and reflecting what they like best, for the sake of pleasurable excitement, he labors either to impart new ideas and motives, or else so to stir the existing dormant materials of their minds as to give it fresh color and glow, and to deduce conduct from it. There is, therefore, no objection to eloquence in the pulpit; rather every reason for coveting and admiring it. But it must be kept in its true place, as a means; never made an end. Its office is preparation. It is spade, plough, and harrow, to open and soften the soil. Then spiritual influence is the seed, and purpose is the sowing hand. If there be no seed to scatter, or no hand to scatter it, the ploughing and loosening are useless. This, however, is no argument for dulness in the pulpit. Your prosers not only do not sow any good seed, they do not even make the preliminary preparation. They merely put their auditors to sleep, or weary and disgust them from going to church. Let not, therefore, the tedious proser plume himself as if he were superior to the exciting declaimer. He may be really inferior to him. It is only he who, eloquent, dedicates his eloquence to sound edification, who is to be praised as a model for the pulpit.

The greater the eloquence of a preacher, the better, if it be honest, unselfish, devoted to the true aims of sacred eloquence; the greater the excitement he causes, the better, if it be healthy, and be applied to the production of its proper consequences in character and experience. But it should ever be remembered that the genuine evocation and enhancement of the moral and religious feelings depend on the presentation of their *objects*,—God, truth, duty, humanity, beauty, good. The exhibition of the vehement signs of the *effects* of feeling, or mere eloquence, may stir up a feverish excitement: only the exhibition of the intrinsic nature and relations of the *objects* of feeling, or true preaching, can create the healthy glow of inspiration. And this latter activity is no empty diversion,

but a just fruition of the ends of life, a rightful action and reaction between the soul and the various manifestations of the will of God. Accordingly, the preacher is well employed when he occupies himself in unveiling the everlasting realities of the universe, and exposing their operation, in order that the breasts of his people may be filled with their unfailing solace and strength, their blessed light and warmth. But this, it is to be recollected, is not left exclusively to the sermon. It is emphatically the office of the other services to do this. The simple gathering of the congregation in the building dedicated to that purpose brings the soul within the still and soothing atmosphere of religion, beneath the mystic wings of the presence of God. Then the public prayer calls on every heart to leave the noise of earth and the burden of trouble behind, and commune with God in the spirit's loneliness and sincerity. The hymn adores and gives thanks to the Great Benefactor. In the dullest and poorest church-service it is the fault of the individual if he does not fervently worship God and recognize the exhaling purifications of worship. Opportunity is offered for the secret indulgence and outpouring of every religious emotion, from penitential sorrow to grateful aspiration. And so it is the first object of the preacher to counteract the excessive attraction of outwardness and selfishness; to direct attention and dilate and lift the affections to impersonal and invisible realities; to spiritualize the character and fix the thoughts on God, on ideal purity and beauty, on heavenly perfection and eternity.

The preacher should next seek to achieve his aim by so discussing and exhibiting the moral virtues and vices, with their sanctions and warnings, as to recommend the former and deter from the latter. He should discourse on the personal excellences and faults of character in all their forms and aspects, exposing the seductions and dangers of evil, enforcing the beauties and obligations of goodness. And, in treating these subjects, we are more and more convinced of the falsity of the idea entertained by many, that, in any permanent and fruitful way, loud assertion and confident appeal are more effective than patient argument and rational illustration, authority better than proof, hot declamation more persuasive than calm

logic. They may be more generally applicable, but they are less valuable. Eloquence, as an ally of reason, is admirable ; as a substitute for reason, it is contemptible and detestable. We had rather get one man — it would be a greater work to get one man to keep the moral law, because he has a personal knowledge of its intrinsic sanctity, than to get fifty men to observe it merely out of deference to conventional opinion. The former is solid, and can pass the Divine scrutiny ; the latter is hollow, and can never stand before God. The most effectual and lasting mode of influencing men, we are sure, is to persuade the will through conviction of the reason. Still, the vices and virtues of human character, the temptations and boons of human life, are to be treated by the preacher not in one way alone, but in many ways, the end he always keeps in view being the personal improvement of his hearers. Now he will dissect and explain them by philosophical analysis. Now he will set them forth by poetic or literal description, to make them attractive or repulsive to the sentiments. Now he may illustrate and enforce them by biographical sketches. Though some might object to this last-named method as a novelty, it is certain that the lessons of virtue and sin may be impressed more powerfully by the narrative of a life embodying them in an eminent degree, than by the most labored abstract discussions. We think it would be well often to introduce such narratives to the pulpit. But when we preach about the good and evil of character, the right and wrong of conduct, we are met by not a few with the exclamation, “This is interesting, and is well as far as it goes ; but then it is not religion ; it will never save souls ; it is mere morality.” To such objectors we reply, that their remark is not just nor weighty ; that the style of preaching which they like, which is everlastingly harping on the vague generalities of repentance, conversion, the atonement, and holding the horrors of perdition *in terrorem*, tires men and repels them by its unreasonableness and unpracticalness. It is not even interesting, and cannot be made so to unbiased minds. And it can never save souls by any of its peculiarities ; for the only salvation there is consists in the purification of the character from sin and hate, and its edification in truth and love. Moreover, we would ask such persons

what they mean by stigmatizing virtue as mere morality? What warrant have they for assuming its contaminated worthlessness? Do they know what it is that they sneer at? Is not God a moral being? Is not his government a system of moral laws? Is not conformity to his will or likeness to his being the ground of his favor, the condition of harmonious communion with him throughout infinitude and eternity? What else is salvation but precisely that? Virtue is to man before God, what wealth is to the merchant in business; and for the preacher to depreciate the former as being "mere morality," is just as wise as for the broker to depreciate the latter as being "mere money." For our part, we say give us *as much as possible* of the filthy rags of righteousness: let them cover us all over, plated sevenfold thick. Well we know that no coronation robes, stiff with gold and diamonds, were ever so costly or so dazzling as these same rags shall be when the blaze of the judgment-day illuminates the heavenly host. The second province or instrument of preaching, then, is the accurate discussion and portrayal of the moral virtues and vices, that the latter may be abhorred and expelled, the former honored and built into a perfect character.

Another function of the preacher, or another province in his work, is the interpretation of the Scriptures. His life being set apart to theological and the affiliated studies, he ought to be better informed on these subjects than his hearers can be expected to be. He will accordingly from time to time bring forth from his treasury things old and things new to explain the abstrusenesses of the Bible and solve the perplexities of inquisitive readers. This has become, perhaps, the least important of the offices of preaching, both because of the less space occupied by the Bible in the religious life of modern times and the multiplication of good and cheap commentaries, and because that part of the Scriptures which is of a practical character, and therefore of the most moment, is generally plain to the intelligent reader. The obscure passages, for the most part, relate to topics not essential to be understood as a help in forming the Christian character and leading a Christian life. "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," are statements of all-important principles, and they are

clear enough. The purport of the opening of the seventh seal in the Apocalypse is very mysterious, and of little consequence. Still, since the position and authority of the Bible are so unparalleled, since there are so many conflicting opinions about it, — since minds are often so much troubled as to the real drift of certain texts or chapters, the real force and value of certain documents, or even the true relation of the whole volume to the questions of revelation, inspiration, nature, and conscience, — the preacher is sometimes called to enter on the criticism of these points, and can never be thought to desert his proper field of labor when engaged in such inquiries. Other themes may be more entertaining, more instructive, more edifying, than the study of a song in the Old Testament or the exposition of an epistle in the New. Nevertheless it is a part of the preacher's vocation to do that ; and when he undertakes it, the hearer ought not to shrink from it. If this be the Word of God, its meaning and all connected with it must be unspeakably important. If it be the mere work of men, then, certainly, that ought to be known. And if it be partly Divine and partly human, just discrimination ought to be made. The Biblical documents are historically and actually intertwined with almost all our religious institutions and experiences. Therefore their real origin, contents, office, and authority, the canons of criticism applicable to them, the whole range of principles by which they are to be accepted and interpreted, ought to be thoroughly canvassed and explicitly set forth. An immense work of the most vital character remains yet to be done in this department. The wholesome and adequate doing of it requires — what is rarely found — a due union of learning, vigor, boldness, and reverence ; all of which, in striking combination, have of late been exemplified by Colenso.

Finally, one of the chief departments of preaching, one of the most potent instruments or methods of the preacher, is the exhibition and enforcement of truth as it appeals to the intellect ; not merely the technical truths of morals and religion, but any truth affecting the experience and destiny of man. On this point difference of opinion exists, though it is hard to understand how there can be more than one opinion on it. Unquestionably the ablest and freest minds, those

who have studied the subject longest, and most earnestly and widely, are at one in the conviction that the core and crown of preaching, the life and soul of the pulpit, are the establishment and application of truth, the defence and illustration of the moral and religious aspects of pure truth, all truth which can be made to edify. Nevertheless there are many who hold that it is foreign to the vocation of the preacher to discuss any of the great speculative questions of truth, and educate the reason up to the consciousness and obligation of its nobilities. They declare that this falls within the range of academic work ; that the only legitimate business of preaching is the direct inculcation of duties, urging upon the people with endless iteration the details of morals and piety. It seems to us very clear that these persons are partially right and partially wrong in their position : right in rigidly limiting the preacher to one end ; wrong in refusing him unlimited freedom of subject-matter and method. Instead of their narrow motto, "Nothing for instruction in the church, everything for edification," we should take the broader motto, "The richest variety of instruction for the sake of the most varied and enduring effectiveness of edification." To those who think the stress of preaching should be forever, Repent, repent, agonize to avoid hell and to secure heaven ! we should reply, even on their own ground of expediency and effect, that such preaching is a wearisomeness that neither clergy nor laity can always bear. Its repetitions become stale, flat, and unprofitable. The wielding of its weapons turns to an edgeless beating of the air ; and nearly all, if they honestly confessed the facts, would own themselves sick of it. This style of address undoubtedly may have its subordinate place and use, and sometimes be highly effective ; but to make it exclusive, and to denounce all other modes as out of their sphere in the sacred desk, is a mistake, — an extremely unfortunate mistake for all concerned. Our proposition is, that one of the most legitimate and useful aims of preaching is the recommendation of truth to the intellect, the enforcement of any nutritious truth in its spiritual bearings. This view is sustained by the following considerations.

First, the details of duty, the obligations of piety, rest entirely on the ground of eternal truths, and can spring up and

be nourished in genuine life only out of them and by means of them. The way to make a man just and charitable is by proving to his reason and conscience the real claims of justice and charity. Exhortations, threats, promises, can only induce him to conform to public opinion ; nothing but conviction of its obligatory rightfulness and becomingness can make him sincerely upright and benevolent from within. All the entreaties in the world will not lead a man into the experience of piety ; it must in some way be proved to him that God is a being worthy to be adored and loved. That style of preaching which virtually condenses itself into “ You must soon die ; therefore be moral. There is hell, and you may fall into it ; therefore be religious. God is a flame of fire ; therefore love him ! ” — seems to us to be about on a par with the procedure of the man who, pining for friendship, points a horse-pistol at the head of his comrade and cries, “ Be my friend, or I will blow your brains out ! ” Show yourself to be noble, beautiful, and friendly, and you will win his affection. So the best way to make men virtuous and religious is to demonstrate the infinite wisdom and goodness of God through the infinite attractions of his works and ways, and illustrate by every available method the intrinsic and everlasting beauty, nobleness, and authority of virtue. Indeed, to produce lasting moral and religious results in the heart and conscience, you must establish corresponding convictions of truth in the realm of the intellect. Splendid ideas in the mind are the true generators of precious emotions in the soul, as seeds in the soil are fructified by the sun in the heaven.

Again, the intellect as an integral and foremost element of our being is a pre-eminently important part of the character. Accordingly, every contribution to its prerogatives and welfare is edification. Intellect plays the front part on the stage of life and destiny. Its interests are as sacred and binding as those of the heart or the conscience ; in fact, they are all inseparably joined together. An empty, sluggish mind is perhaps as sad a sight to the angels as a corrupt heart lying below it ; at any rate, it is a sad sight. It is a transgression of the purpose of God ; for truths, all truths of nature, morals, religion, are expressions of God’s will, the published mind of

our Maker. We are put here, endowed as we are, to become acquainted with them. Rightly apprehended, every truth is an audience-chamber where the soul approaches God and hears his whisper, or gazes in rapturous awe on some hallowed lineament of his visage. Efforts to know and obey it make the discipline of life and the education of the soul. The love of it and conformity to it constitute our salvation. Ignorance, indifference, feebleness and torpor in the intellect, are not only disgraceful, but criminal ; and it is a high and holy function of the pulpit to attack them by summoning the mind to manly exertion in grasping the arduous treasures of truth. If truth be the material on which the soul feeds and grows, certainly without it no great and enduring edification is possible.

Furthermore, the peculiarities of the time — the freedom from authority, the rivals and opponents of the Church, the immense diffusion of a rich, able, and fascinating literature, showering its rapid succession of sheets everywhere, the activity of unyoked thought, the restless curiosity of the age, the chief intellectual tendencies and wants of the people — demand this extension of the old province of the pulpit. Unless preaching be in some degree thus liberalized to meet the changed exigencies of our times, the resistless discontent with it and neglect of it will prove its undoing. This undoing will come in two directions. First, the most intelligent and earnest men and women will go to literature instead of to church for inspiration, guidance, and culture, leaving congregations to be made up of the indifferent, the ignorant, the shallow, the idle, and the fanatic, who wish to be amused or excited. Secondly, the character, the relative attainments, and the number of ministers are all diminishing. Mr. Buxton recently offered a resolution in the English Parliament to relieve the members of the Episcopalian Establishment from subscribing to the Thirty-Nine Articles and the Prayer Book. In the long debate which followed — filling fourteen columns of the London Times — it was maintained that “the existing restrictions were seriously telling both upon the quality and the numbers of the clergy, who were in danger of being *severed from the intelligence of the country*. In twenty years the number of Oxford and Cambridge graduates who wished to take

orders had gone down from five hundred and twelve to two hundred and ninety-eight." It is a startling fact, that in our own country, in one denomination, the Baptist, over three thousand pulpits are vacant, and nobody can be got to fill them, while every other profession is crowded to excess. The Old School Presbyterians, who cling obstinately to mediæval dogmas and sentiments, have in the United States nine hundred less clergymen than they have churches, while the New School Presbyterians, who allow some latitude and progress, have three hundred more clergymen than they have congregations. No single thing would have so much effect in rallying the best supporters around the Church, and improving and increasing the ministry in it, as a liberal extension and elevation of its intellectual province and quality, a larger freedom of range. All zeal, heart, joy, must die out of men fed only on the humdrum diet of traditional doctrines and routine. And what attraction such a diet has for vigorous souls outside of the Church may be inferred from the following illustration. Benjamin Franklin attended the ministrations of a Presbyterian divine in Philadelphia, and gives this account of them: "His discourses were chiefly either controversial arguments or explications of the peculiar doctrines of the sect, and were all to me very dry, uninteresting, and unedifying, since not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforced. At length he took for his text that verse of the fourth chapter to the Philippians, 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, or of good report, if there be any virtue, or if there be any praise, think on these things.' I imagined in a sermon on such a text we could not miss of having some morality. But he confined himself to five points only as meant by the Apostle. Keeping holy the Sabbath day; being diligent in reading the Holy Scriptures; duly attending public worship; partaking of the sacrament; paying a due respect to ministers. These might all be good things; but, as they were not the kind of good things I expected from that text, I despaired of ever meeting with them from any other, was disgusted, and attended his preaching no more."

Let such questions as the moral and religious lessons of history, the moral and religious aspects of physical science, the leading phenomena of the age, with the duties they impose, the abuses of society, the possibilities of reform, the original data and implications of natural theology, the structure and functions of human nature or the principles of psychology, the types of character, the ideals of men, the uses of poetry and philosophy as consolers and strengtheners of humanity,— let such subjects as the foregoing be handled by the clergy with independent investigation and honest avowal,— that is, include in their province the whole realm of truth addressed to the intellect, founding consistent morals and piety on as solid and rational a basis as that which supports chemistry or physiology,— and unexampled results of good would follow. Preaching would then be a healthy organ for the education of the whole character of man for time and for eternity. It would then be respectable in the criticising judgments of all, interesting to the docile minds of all, inspiring to the responsive hearts of all, a corrective and strengthening guidance to the open consciences of all,— so far as it is possible to bring them within its sphere of influence.

There are two formidable obstacles to the establishment of this more generous standard of preaching, this allowance to the pulpit of a more extensive sphere and a more flexible method. First, it is opposed by a rooted prejudice growing out of the traditional style of preaching fastened on the Church by the exceptional characteristics of the Apostolic age. The popular demand from the pulpit at the present time is the product of an obsolete state of things, an inherited remnant of the past, bolstered up by lazy habit, which general earnestness of thought on the subject now would soon cause to be repudiated. When the walls of the prison were tumbling, and the fetters of the captives were snapped, and a marvellous light was shining around them, the jailer at Philippi sprang forward in terror, exclaiming, “What shall I do to be saved?” “And Paul said, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.’ And he believed, and was baptized in that same hour.” Furnish preachers with the miraculous conditions

of that occasion, and they may be asked to produce the same effects ; but in the absence of the former, it surely is not right to demand the latter. The end of the world, the restoration of the dead, the general judgment, and the beginning of a new and endless life, were events then immediately looked for. All the immortal hopes of the Christian disciples were vitally connected with the death, resurrection, and return of Jesus. No wonder they determined to know nothing but Christ crucified ; and no wonder the burning concentration of faith, fear, and love, drawing all the energies of the soul to a focus, produced astounding revolutions of character and life. But the mental and historic peculiarities of that age have gone, to reappear no more. The forensic portions of the system of theology then prevalent, with the philosophy of life it implies, have been long outgrown. We no longer regard the world as an alienated scene, in which the only chance for salvation rests on a preternatural grace thrust in through the crack of miracle. Yet, as a general thing, both clergy and laity still cling to the methods of edification which that exploded scheme of thought alone can legitimate,— seeking salvation by rites, dogmas, and convulsions, instead of by harmonious perception and growth,— by partial excitement, instead of total education. To remove this prejudice, which makes congregations ask friction and stimulus rather than instruction and inspiration,— to remove this prejudice by showing that the true function of the preacher is the same as that of every morally consecrated scholar and teacher, namely, to incite men to the fulfilment of their destiny,— is an immense desideratum for the Church. When this is done, the preacher will try to minister unto the real wants of men. The labor of most preachers now is expended in first creating, then satisfying, artificial wants. Some seem to regard the Church as the tripod of a pythoness, a stool for the production of spiritual convulsions, by the appropriated experience of which they are to be instantaneously converted into new creatures. Others seem to look to it as a mere house of ease, where they may escape the eating cares and noise of the world. Still others seem to have recourse to it as an electrical machine, whose recurrent shocks are statedly to re-

vive certain opinions and emotions in the rusty and dusty ruts of habit. And many more seem to think of it only as a temple of magic, where by altar-forms and ceremonies, priestly incantations and spells, the laying on of hierarchic hands, manipulations of charmed dogmas and rites, they are to be enchanted out of the power of perdition into the exclusive salvation of a sacramental circle. All the ignorant or obstinate prejudices which sustain these views of the nature and mission of the Church must be swept away by the illuminating presence of the deeper, healthier, and wider thought that the aim of the Church is the education of the characters of men into harmony with their true conditions. It is not the business of the preacher to give his people fits, but to give them nourishment.

In many cases where this more wholesome and generous interpretation of the office of the pulpit is not opposed by the traditional prejudice in favor of the hortatory and convulsive theory, we are met by a still worse obstacle in the indifference of the people. The galvanic style of preaching is so much more easily furnished, and so much more easily responded to, that it is sure to be equally preferred by a clergy not blessed with superior endowments of spiritual faculty and furniture, and by a people without earnestness. It is easy to declaim traditional warnings and exhortations, treading the ancestral and social routine of ideas and methods; but of the average clergy, how many are thoroughly competent by original insight, fervor, and skill to teach their hearers how to think, how to feel, how to extricate themselves from vices, how to cultivate virtues, how to resist temptations and improve privileges, what good and evil are, what is the best type of character and life, and how it is to be attained? And in an average congregation, what proportion are really in earnest to master these subjects for the genuine beautification of their souls, and the solid enrichment of their lives? To do this requires an effort that few of them are prepared to make, while, on the other hand, to lean back in their pews and be entertained by an artful performer, or stirred with what is considered a moral and religious excitement, without any personal effort, is so pleasant, that it must be welcomed by every one who is not

deeply in earnest to secure substantial and permanent edification. And this brings us directly to the worst evil and the sorest need of the Church in our day, to a consideration of which we ask the careful attention of the reader.

In the Middle Age, when the people lay in abject ignorance and superstition, the Church, by its material symbols, pictures, plays, sermons, music, and imposing ritual, drew great crowds to its services, and, beyond a doubt, profoundly interested and edified them, teaching them almost all they knew of the most impressive parts of human history, initiating them into the rudiments of morals and religion, giving them a deep and uplifting imaginative excitement. For two or three centuries after the Protestant Reformation the essential principles in the dogmatic scheme of mediæval ecclesiasticism, with unimportant modifications by Luther, Calvin, and others, continued to be sincerely believed, and crowds of earnest people frequented the Church to hear these doctrines expounded and applied for the salvation of their souls. But the state of things in the former period, and the state of things in the latter period, have ceased to exist. A portentous change has passed on Christendom. The Church no longer has any *monopoly* either of spiritual excitement or of doctrinal instruction. Thousands of places of varied and novel entertainment are open, and constantly thronged by the laughing and shouting multitude ; thousands of newspapers, journals, magazines, reviews, books, of every style of mental ministration and every grade of merit, addressing all classes of character, are claimants for attention. Meanwhile the ablest and most earnest men of the age have ceased to occupy the pulpit, taking to literature instead ; and the central dogmatic tenets of the Church, the foremost principles of its traditional scheme, have been a hundred times exploded by philosophical and scientific criticism, and are generally repudiated by intelligent men. Under these circumstances, a vast decay in the power and the popular interest of the Church is inevitable. And we see the signs of it everywhere, especially in the two extremes of society. The most reckless never go to church now ; they betake themselves to the haunts of amusement. The most cultivated and earnest do not go to church now ; they have

recourse to choice literature. A young man of consecrated purpose and powerful intelligence, who wants to learn how to live most largely in accordance with truth, will frequent the lecture-room of science rather than the conventicle of tradition. He will not hear C. H. Spurgeon; he will study Herbert Spencer.

What now is to be done to secure for the Church a new lease of power and attraction? Two sets of clergymen, prompted by their own characters, look in different directions, and make two distinct bids. A traditional ministry, incompetent for the new conditions and duties of their position, look towards the superficial and idle average of the community, and make the bid of *easy amusement*. A vital ministry, fully equipped for the work of showing men how to live, look towards the thoughtful and earnest members of the community, and make the bid of *inspired instruction*. The former, without being distinctly conscious of their attitude, virtually say by all their methods, Come to us, submit yourselves to our influence, accept our doctrines, fall in with our routine, and we will every Sunday give you Scripture, hymn, prayer, sermon, and sacrament, enliven and repeat your habitual ideas and emotions, and fulfil with you the requirements of ecclesiastic social usage and respectability, without exacting any arduous spiritual activity on your part; we will lead you weekly through an easy round of observances, grateful to all your inherited associations, and when you have attended our services fifty years, you shall not, so far as our ministrations are concerned, know one iota more, or be one particle better off, than when you began to come! The latter class of the clergy, on the other hand, by the whole spirit of their method, say to the public, Come to us, with docile and co-operative minds, and join in our efforts to make the Church what it ought to be,—a moral and religious school for the education of souls in whatever directly pertains to the fulfilment of their destiny,—and we will set you the example of, and give you every incitement to engage in, an earnest study of the science of human character and human life, and the art of moulding them after the best models; in the most varied, truthful, and sustained manner in our

power, we will discuss before you the subjects most intimately connected with the profoundest interests of human nature and experience, the opportunities, exposures, and fate of man ; and all this we will do for the purpose of edifying ourselves and you, exalting the functions, purifying the quality, and enlarging the boundary of consciousness.

Is it not piteous and melancholy to notice the response made by the laity to these contrasted bids of the clergy ? The ignoble bid of a pleasant routine or cheap entertainment finds the great majority just on the level it addresses. They flock into the Church, as they flock into the Theatre, not to engage in any important spiritual action, but to be passive subjects of moving spectacle and sound, to be excited and amused. The noble bid of edifying instruction, the clarion summons to girded exertion, speaks on that costly elevation where comparatively few are found ; and these few scarcely think of seeking in the Church a supply for their wants, they find a ministration so much more nutritious and ample in the immortal works of standard authors which they make a business of mastering. Accordingly, there is at the present time, arising from the ignorant professional bondage of ministers, and the shallowness and indifference of congregations, an extremely powerful and pernicious tendency to turn the Church into a Theatre, adulterating the true spirit and method of the pulpit with the spirit and method of the stage. The distinction between the Theatre and the Academy, sharply taken, will illustrate what we mean.

The aim of the Theatre is, by means of sensational devices, to entertain and please its votaries without any unwelcome exertion on their own part. They come into it with unbent minds, self-surrendered to the play of spontaneities, idly waiting to be stirred and occupied. The Academy aims, by means of exposition, guidance, and emulation, to awaken the interest of its pupils in the topics with which it deals, and induce them to master and commit to memory the processes and subject-matter of their studies. Now, turning from these two great institutions of civilized society, with their distinctive purposes and methods, to the Church, towering broadly between them with its own peculiar purpose and method, we affirm that it

is impossible not to recognize here a lamentable corruption going on, a tendency away from instruction towards amusement, a movement in the wrong direction. The preacher, standing in the Christian pulpit, with Christ behind him, the Bible before him, God over him, and a Sabbath peace all around, has three advantages over every other speaker;—first, the incomparable vitality and grandeur of his aim, edification; second, the enforcement of this aim by the influence of character and experience, personal magnetism, emphasis, tone, gesture, look, and the conspiring action of a sympathetic assembly; third, the grand impersonal authority under which he speaks, the accumulated adjuncts of the time and place with their overawing and uplifting associations. But, on the other hand, he labors under two terrible disadvantages;—first, the desire of the illiterate and weary crowd to be simply excited and amused, without effort and without result,—a desire skilfully catered to in a thousand other places; second, the lack of any earnest interest on the part of his hearers in the themes with which he properly deals,—their almost insuperable repugnance to enter into any set study of these things. The indispensableness of academic knowledge to worldly success, and the intense eagerness of the people for worldly success, make the studies of the School attractive, and so attention is secured and effort is sustained. But people, as a general thing, are not interested in the subjects of morality and religion, not eager for spiritual success, not determined to make the most and the best that is possible of their souls in this world. An ordinary congregation gathers on Sunday in passive conformity to usage, and lazily waits to be electrified by the preacher, or to be entertained by the choir, or to be complacently soothed by the liturgy. They seem each one to lie down with utter relaxation of nerve, and say to the minister, “Lift me if you can!” It must be a pretty desperate undertaking to thrill such limp and flaccid souls to their feet. This unnerved æsthetic attitude belongs to the place of amusement, not to the place of edification. Men ought not to come into the Church unbent and ungirt for enjoyment, but, under the impress of a sense of duty, to co-operate with their teachers in earnest efforts to learn what

they ought to know, and to acquire impulse to do what they ought to do, struggling to free themselves from falsehood, purify themselves from corruption, hate, and pride, train themselves to wisdom, strengthen in themselves all kindly, godly, and heroic resolutions. But when, as is the case now, nine tenths of the attendants on its services feel no interest in truth, have no earnestness for spiritual advancement, but merely wish for ease and pleasure, it is inevitable that there will be a drifting of the Church towards the Theatre ; in answer to the demand, there will be an increased supply of ecclesiastical pomps and parades, sensational points, showy declamation, luxuries of taste, changes of dresses, chants, genuflections, altars and candles, and, in place of the bracing regimen of a logical discourse, the enervating indulgence of a vesper-service which is only a disguised concert without any charge for admission.

A keen observer wrote in a letter from England not long ago : “ Mr. Spurgeon’s popularity, I find, is considered only a successful piece of galvanism wrought on tissues dead but not yet decayed ; and he has now to fight off the inevitable relapse into torpor by all kinds of tricks. The other day he had in his church a representation of Eastern dervishes, and dancing women attended and fanned by eunuchs,—all got up in dramatic costumes. The audience presently became aware that the dancing women were disguised men, and made a terrible fuss over the deception. Staid church-folk are loud in denouncing such things : but Spurgeon has only to point to their deserted and his own well-filled pews in reply.”

Yes, the Church has become a Theatre, the pulpit sunk to the level of the stage, and the most successful preacher, like the most successful player, is the one who draws the fullest houses ! Now we hold this displacing or overlaying of the characteristics of the Church with the characteristics of the Theatre to be a shocking profanation. The remedy for it is a movement in the other direction, the transfusion of the true characteristics of the Church with the best characteristics of the Academy, still keeping conspicuously on all that it does the great moral stamps of authority and edification. So far as with the altering age the pulpit alters from its old function, let it tend to

become the stand of a teacher and leader rather than the exhibiting platform of an actor. So it is infinitely better that the relation of the pews and the attitude of their occupants should tend towards the busy forms of the school-room than towards an amphitheatre of gaping gazers. Of course no one wishes to introduce into the Church the academic apparatus and discipline of text-books, maps, blackboards, recitations, and prizes ; but it is inexpressibly desirable to introduce there something of the presiding spirit and profit which keep School-going from being, like so much Church-going, an idle repetition. Must it not be confessed that there is something lamentably amiss in the relation of preacher and people, when this steep contrast is noticed, that a youth after attending school a year knows a good deal of grammar, geography, history, arithmetic, and how to apply them, but a man may attend church a dozen years and be unable, from anything he learns there, to answer a single fundamental question in morals or religion, or to tell anything about the differences in human characters and lives ? It would be a reformation greater and more fruitful than the Lutheran, which could establish in the Church, without any cumbersome technicalities, the martial drill of divine studies, making whole congregations feel themselves soldiers and scholars of God, bound to equip and perfect themselves for his work, which is to know truth, to admire beauty, to love goodness, and to aspire towards all possible refinement, expansion, and progress. By the method of influence thus outlined, the Church would become, to a considerable extent, a Sacred School, where competent teachers should analyze the ingredients and classify the laws of human experience, and where the people should come for the purpose of studying and learning to practise the things which concern their inmost welfare. Whenever and wherever the laity are not sufficiently earnest to feel interested in such a course, it is the first business of a free and enlightened preacher to endeavor to impart that earnestness to them. This is the first and indispensable condition of his usefulness. In regard to every sermon he preaches, he ought to ask, and to insist on a perfectly definite answer from himself, What do I compose and preach this sermon for ? If it

has its legitimate effect, what good will it do my hearers? Whenever he can give satisfactory replies to these two questions, his efforts will always justify themselves, even if his auditors fail to profit. Their failure will then be their own fault.

The Church which does not edify is a Usurper; the Church which does not edify by instruction and inspiration is a Charlatan. Of course it is obvious that the extension of the clerical function of teaching here proposed will not reach the dregs of society to draw them into redeeming contact with a regenerated Church. They are too low and gross to feel such an attraction. Neither will any increased lightening and dramatizing of ecclesiastical services allure the most degraded classes to the embrace of the Church. Their passions and tastes are better met elsewhere. But one effect the increased freedom, healthiness, variety, and solidity of ministration recommended would have; it would command the unqualified respect and the growing interest of those whose attention it secured, and it would gradually diffuse its influence until it included all,—a result which can never, never be compassed in any other way. For a Church which seeks to keep the doctrines and rites of antiquated superstition in force by means of puerile entertainment and an obstinate exclusion of light, is an Incubus which ever larger numbers of the intelligent and earnest will heave off, and either resolutely assail or contemptuously neglect. The representative of such an institution is

“A witless shepherd, who persists to drive  
A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked.”

All endeavors to impart are futile until there be readiness to receive. Let there be wisdom on one side, and docility on the other, with a bridge of mutual interest between, and the fruition of use and good follows. In vain is the mechanism of the mint perfect, and its motion fine and strong, if, neither fed with its metal nor directed to its object, it yields not a coin for currency; its operation is an empty show. The pulpit must not cater to the foolish desire of men to be tickled without exertion and without result. It must confess that reflection and study are as good as repentance and worship;

intelligent insight and resolve, as profitable and beautiful as regret and aspiration. Religion is not one act, but the right spirit of all acts. When the preacher acquires the same substantiality and authority of teaching which the professor of the natural sciences has,—when he imparts as much important truth with reference to edification, and imparts it with as much originality and weight, as the masters of science do, with reference to instruction,—he will have a right to expect his congregation to hurry to his sermons with something of the enthusiasm with which companies of students of natural history hurried to the lectures of St. Hilaire and Cuvier, and still hurry to those of Darwin and Agassiz. The hope of increased attraction and efficacy for the pulpit lies in making its instructions sounder, richer, more profoundly practical; and in persuading the laity to an earnest personal co-operation with it. Without this latter element very little can be done. It is the presence or the absence of personal application that makes or mars every blessed opportunity and influence for mortals. Because they make no earnest effort to see the truth of God, and to feel their own privileges and duties, multitudes of men remain cold and careless amidst the tremendous accumulation of agencies intended to quicken them into deep and enduring consciousness,—the circulating goblet, dance, and dirge, the sable train of disappointments, the golden round of successes, the strange gleam of rising and setting suns, the circles of love and home, the buds and birds of spring, the falling leaves of autumn, the incessant activity of death in every path of being, and the glittering march of worlds and silent waiting of eternity around all. The mission of eloquence in the pulpit is to pierce this torpid indifference, and inspire men with an interest in their destiny and its concomitants. Then the mission of instruction is to nourish and guide this newly awakened interest, and make it self-sustaining and self-directing. Eloquence is good for nothing as food, though it may be useful when given as a tonic to edge appetite for the bread of life. The pulpit will always have this advantage over literature,—that no book, in power to attract and interest the careless and superficial, can rival the stimulus and contagion of a rich, energetic personality.

illuminated all over with spiritual signals of its states. Literature will always have this advantage over the pulpit,—that no speaker, in power to instruct the earnest and profound, can rival the systematic treatise wherein the greatest masters of a given subject have displayed its truths in complete order, and to which the student can devote his best moods at will. The text-book, however, will be least formidable as a rival of the speaker, when the speaker has as thoroughly systematized a knowledge as that the book contains, with the addition of a living inspiration. In listening to an eloquent speaker on a subject about which we are indifferent, we enjoy the passive reception of his action; in studying a subject in which we are interested, we enjoy the positive application to it of our own action. The effects of the former are transient; of the latter, enduring. The frivolous prefer that, the earnest choose this. But the co-operation of both is best of all.

There are two great errors in preaching, more commonly exemplified, and more injurious to its power, than any others. The first error consists in trying to move the hearer, rather than to teach him. Most preachers have but a confused perception of what they should aim at in the pulpit. Some seem to aim simply at securing the attention of their auditors by entertaining them. We once heard an eminent clergyman preach on the parable of the Supper. We listened for twenty minutes to a most ornately elaborated description of the gorgeous scene of the banquet, the tables, the dresses, the vessels, the viands, and the lights,—and then we left. Of what use is it to preach or to listen, if the preaching and listening are an idle entertainment, doing no good? Many preachers who aim to make their sermons yield a positive result lamentably err as to what that result should be. They seek to produce an effect on the hearer's nerves. They should aim to make a contribution to his being. Few preachers seem to appreciate the worthlessness of fortuitous impulses as compared with ideal principles,—the immense superiority of results which are assimilated as soon as experienced, over results which are shed as fast as felt. Hundreds of sermons are adapted to kindle an acute excitement by making sensations, where one is

adapted to awaken a chronic inspiration by imparting ideas. The former, regarded as an end, is beneath the dignity of one whose labors deal with the immortal interests and destinies of immortal souls. Is not the piety engendered by the feverish atmosphere of a prayer-meeting immeasurably less trustworthy than the piety engendered by a lonely perception of God? Subjective feelings die and go; objective causes stay and energize. A vivid description of hell may rustle a congregation with momentary terror, but a perception of the law which ultimates in hell may edify them, and inspire conduct through their whole lives. Standing at Niagara you are filled with awe. Go away—and it is gone. But a fine picture of it on your wall renews the wondrous emotion as often as you look. Pictures are portable equivalents of scenes not present. So are ideas portable equivalents of truths, the realities of God. In the mind, inseparable parts of it, they send forth their influences in endless issues. Sensations are passing gusts; ideas are dropping seeds. A life made up of thrills is a poor, precarious, evanescent affair; a life drawn from principles has divine permanence, as well as divine purity and depth. Between these two, still sounds the heavenly voice as of old: “Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but it shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.”

The other cardinal mistake or defect in ordinary preaching is the superficial and sophistical character of much of its teaching, when, having outgrown the vanity of playing on the senses, it really undertakes to teach. Before one is competent to teach the truth, he must see the truth at first-hand. Before one can see the truth at first-hand, he must throw off the bandages of commonplace, extricate himself from prejudices, and with heroic singleness of mind and unweariable tenacity of purpose study the original facts of philosophy, science, religion, human history, human nature, and human life. And on every subject that he sets before his audience he must take the most scrupulous pains to understand exactly what the truth is, and to present it without perversion. In this delicate and difficult task the minister is beset by a thousand

temptations to haste and carelessness,—a thousand temptations to discolor, to overstate, to understate, for the purpose of effect. And besides, in the throng of labors pressed on them, in the multitude of subjects they are obliged to treat, it must be admitted that many ministers are incompetent in faculty and training always to see what the truth is, try they never so hard. But nothing is more obligatory, nothing more remunerative, than the utmost painstaking in this respect. Recklessness is undoing. Extravagance, if strength for an hour, is weakness for a year. The preacher who will not exaggerate or pervert, who is consistent with himself, who strives to state the precise truth with its due qualifications, grows in the confidence and respect of his hearers. They surrender themselves to his influence. But if he teach one thing to-day, a contradictory thing to-morrow, if he make unwarrantable statements, declaiming at random, if he betray himself into shallow mistakes, his hearers put themselves suspiciously on their guard; they make deductions from his assertions; the leverage of his word is shortened. Every incompetency discerned in a preacher goes to neutralize his power. The value of the pulpit is vitiated by every sophism launched from it. In every congregation there are critical minds enough to detect the mental shortcomings, and uncover the errors, of their professed teachers. How imperious, then, is the obligation on every preacher to see to it that he teaches nothing but the truth, and to strive to teach the truth with the closest possible approach to adequacy! Unless our experience as a listener misrepresents the general state of the case, the average pulpit is as lame on this point, of mixing errors with the truths in its instruction, as it is on the other point, of preferring sensational excitement for the occasion to ideal inspiration for life.

Two or three actual instances will illustrate. We heard, not long since, a sermon on the religion of active life. The entire drift of it was to depreciate the value of recluse purity and devotion, to warn against the attraction of cloistered retreats, the sentiments and exercises of a mystic piety. Spoken in the busiest centre of Protestant New England, it exhorted the people to beware of exactly what they were freest from,

least exposed to, and needed most to cultivate. All our tendencies are outward, into the whirl of publicity and materialism. An imaginative withdrawnness, the brooding awe and love of the eternal sentiments of the soul in the solitude of God, is precisely what we ought to cherish. The sermon was like an exhortation against gluttony addressed to a man starving in the desert.

The next sermon we heard was on contentment. The preacher strenuously and unqualifiedly argued, first, that we ought to be contented with what we have; secondly, that we ought to be contented with what we do; thirdly, that we ought to be contented with what we are. He affirmed that the richest, strongest, most favored, are least contented; the poorest, weakest, and least favored, most contented. He instanced an old man who got his living by beggary in the streets as the most beautiful illustration of entire contentment known to him. Yes, every thoughtful hearer would at once object, but it was this very contentment that made him a beggar and kept him one. Dissatisfaction with the actual and aspiration towards an ideal, are the first condition of progress. They kindle the struggle that results in nobleness, power, riches, and station. And certainly it is better to be at the top than at the bottom. The preacher showed a lack of discrimination. The true lesson of his subject, which he wholly failed to teach, is that we ought to be contented with necessities, but not with imperfect conditions which it is in our power to remedy and improve. Cheerfully acquiescing in all unalterable appointments, we should aspiringly labor to alter for the better everything which is capable of amelioration. The proper journey of man is not a tread-wheel, nor a dead level, but an ascending path.

The other sermon which we shall adduce as an instance of sophistry was on sacrifice and suffering. It was a highly popular discourse. Its argument was, All the greatest and best things in human nature and history have grown out of agony and hardship. This was illustrated by striking examples of persons whose powers, obstructed and intensified by adverse and painful conditions, at length forced a way, and achieved greatness and fame. The conclusion was, Therefore hardship

and agony are good things. The application was, Therefore let us court hardship and agony. The logic, of course, was not so barely put: it was hidden in flowers; and the moral was insinuated throughout the discourse, not distinctly propounded at its close. This sermon—so sincere, pointed, picturesque, and emotional, that the audience were enraptured with it—taught by implication five fundamental errors. First, that the glorious results occasionally wrung out of adversity are normal and covetable, the law of life, instead of being, as they really are, exceptional and compensatory. This view does gross injustice to the sunny side of life, to the operation of favorable conditions on human nature. Second, that, because brilliant results have in distinguished instances followed on bitter sacrifices and sufferings, they will in our case too. This is an inference palpably unwarranted. Glorious persons have become glorious through the power and inspiration in them, not through mere disappointment and pain. Severe trials crush thousands, where they redeem and elevate one. If we have not great powers and inspiration, all the sufferings we can undergo will not make us illustrious champions and exemplars. Third, that the same glorious effects will come from voluntarily assumed denials and hardships, that sometimes come from divinely appointed or inevitable ones. The difference is world-wide. It is an overstrained, sentimental morality that seeks sacrifices and courts adversity; a true, robust morality simply confronts and accepts them when they are sent. The fallacious fancy which the former is, weakens as much as the stern substance of the latter braces. The hero in conceit and words may ostentatiously flourish the cross as though it were a banner; the genuine hero rather hides it and goes quietly into the deeps, where God awaits him, saying, “If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.” Fourth, that it is the end of man, or a desirable thing, to acquire genius and fame by means of hardships and sorrows. It is no proper part of the destiny of man to be gloriously prominent before his fellows. His end is simply to be good, wise, and blessed, in the perfecting of his nature, and in a happy harmony with his conditions. To hold a brilliant prize of fame before an audience, and tell them exciting stories of

its plucking, will doubtless excite and fascinate them. Will it do them any good? It inflames low passions already too strong, and administers a soporific to high impulses as yet too dormant. Fifth, that fanciful and exaggerated portrayals of heroic endurance will impel and strengthen men better to bear the real trials of life, and derive good from them. The effect truly is of an opposite character. Gorgeously colored descriptions of the nobleness, beauty, and rewards of self-sacrifice, patience, and toil, instead of stimulating to the actual performance of such feats, serve as substitutes for the reality. The truths of life, set forth strictly as they are, engender an action of thought and feeling fitted to result in accordant deeds of duty. But all illusions and exaggerations belong in the realm of imagination, and set a group of motions spinning in the ideal spaces of the mind, which cannot be brought into working connection with the machinery of outward life. Under the influence of such a style of preaching, huge ideal sacrifices and heroisms contemplated in church, so far from preparing for real moderate ones to be executed in the world, take the place of them. Easy imaginative fruitions of virtue supersede, instead of producing, those actual fruitions of it which cost,—cost energy, valor, toil, and pain. Shallow *dilettanti*, self-deceiving sentimentalists, may dally with phantom feats of fancy,—play with verbal pictures of brave renunciations and noble sufferings; but the wisely earnest are in too close contact with the exacting facts and tragedy of the real exigencies of life for any such mock substitutes. Here we touch the antithesis between that experience under preaching which is æsthetic, and that experience which is agonistic. At the very time when Leonidas and his little band were perishing in the battle at Thermopylæ, an army of Greeks amply sufficient to have driven the invader back in overwhelming discomfiture, were celebrating the games at Olympus. There is a tonic eloquence of severe truth fitted to start ideal motions, divine leapings and wrestlings of the spirit, which are a gymnastic training to win the prize of victory when the genuine struggle comes. There is a simulating eloquence of verbal illusion and extravagance that deceives and enervates, starting ideal motions which are a

mere indulgence, looking to no end beyond their own luxury. That is agonistic, this is æsthetic. That is the proper voice of the pulpit; this is a profane intrusion there.

To say that the preacher should beware of aiming at idle entertainment, beware of aiming at sensational excitement, and, when he undertakes to teach for edification and inspiration, beware of carelessly falling into errors in his teaching, is to thrust a deep probe into all those kinds of mock preaching which are no better than wastes of the opportunities of the pulpit.

The primary and essential end of poetic and dramatic forms of speech or literature is pleasure, a heightening of the sense of life by the excitation of function, merely in and for itself.

The primary and essential end of academic or pedagogic forms of literature and speech is instruction, the impartation of truth, either for the simple sake of knowledge, or for use in the practical round of life.

The primary and essential end of the various forms of forensic and political oratory is conviction, and persuasion to some outward act or course of conduct.

The primary and essential end of all forms of literature and speech appertaining to the office of the pulpit is the application of the forenamed pleasure, excitement, instruction, conviction, and persuasion for the interior purpose of rectifying, purifying, and enriching the character and experience of those within its influence.

The preacher is, indeed, so far as it lies in his power by appropriate means, to please, excite, instruct, convince, and persuade; but distinctively he is to *apply* all these influences for the spiritual improvement of his hearers, and to endeavor, by the personal exhibition of contagious signals and guidances, to initiate them into the superior states of consciousness desired for them. Suppose a public speaker, by his artful elocution and gesticulation, and cunning arrangement of matter, to bewitch an audience with delight,—by his learning, logic, rhetoric, and earnest manner, to give them information, convince them of the soundness of certain opinions, and persuade them to such resolutions as he pleases; but all this to no purpose beyond a display of his skill and power, the whole,

so far as the characters and lives of his auditors are concerned, being a transient fermentation. You may call him an artist, a scholar, a logician, an orator. You cannot properly call him a preacher. The work he does is not fit to be done in a church. The spiritual effervescence he induces deteriorates the fibre of character, as the too frequent heating and cooling of a metal destroys the strength and elasticity of its texture. The true preacher strives rather to smelt, anneal, and damaskeen the native substance of character, purging it from dross and slag, toughening it to sensitive and tenacious coherence, and adorning it with beauty.

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#### ART. II.—THE NAME, AND THE IDEA, OF GOD.

As we walk the streets, we hear a name of a single significance pronounced in careless merriment, or in vehement passion. As we enter the church, we encounter the same name, appended to the obligations of duty and the conditions of happiness. When we meditate on themes beyond the smallness of our immediate personality, the name writes itself again and again upon the spaces of our thought. When we close the day's work in sleep, the name stands sentinel for us against the midnight terrors which, waking or sleeping, we are weak to meet. We pronounce with comfort the heavenly countersign, and so assure ourselves that, whatever may happen, the worst shall not befall, between this and waking.

In the courts of justice, the name is made to attest good faith. To shield a lie with it becomes a capital crime. In public acts, the name is wielded as the symbol of power, and revered as the pledge of patience. In familiar life, the name helps out the soldier's or sailor's story, the guardian's wrath, the lover's vows. In all good deeds, the name is invoked with a free and joyous cadence. In evil enterprises it is equally invoked, but with a spasm of doubt, and a design of propitiation.

The name is the first end or attainment of human knowl-

edge; it marks also the absolute limit of that knowledge. The races that know it not have scarcely passed beyond the animal stage of human progress,—the history of thoughts or events that can dispense with it has yet to be written.

From such history as we have, let us take at random a picture here and there to illustrate the treatment which the name has undergone.

Let us call up a vision of ancient Rome. The Samnites are over the border, desolating the Roman fields, and laying waste the harvest of the year. The legions are inscribed, the Consuls chosen, the banners placed. Why do they wait, and what pregnant question does the leader utter in the ear of the Pullarius? It is this one, of grave and momentous import: "How has the sacred chicken fed?" Or now, the Carthaginians are upon us. Hannibal has crossed the Alps, defeated the soldiers of the Republic. Our villages are in flames, our national existence is in danger. Let us go to the Sibylline books for the reason of these misfortunes, and their remedy. Here we find that a vow made to Mars has been insufficiently fulfilled. This is the cause of the present visitation. The vow must be renewed, and amplified. Great solemnities must be promised to Jove, and shrines to Venus Erycina and the Deity of Mind. The gorgeous Lectisternium must be held, with public supplications. Chiefest of all, the Pontifex Maximus commands the *Ver sacrum* to be observed, marked by the immolation of spring-born animals, sacred and profane. These acts of piety accomplished, Fabius Maximus gets leave to depart on his errand, to defeat Punic art with Roman endurance.

In these ancient rites, the name was honored to the best of men's knowledge and ability. It suffered, indeed, a division, being worshipped in separate letters, and not yet discerned as one word. What most interests us is the fact that, although the limited experience of that time left many links wanting in the chain of causation, experience and thought together crudely referred the sum of results to a purely ideal cause. This is the most individual power of man, and the basis of all thought that transcends animality. Man may be characterized as the God-discerner.

The masses of mankind have scarcely got beyond this rudimentary mental operation at the present day; the presence of any grave social danger among us is met by supplication, and by such sacrifice as wealth knows how to make, without becoming the poorer. The many have not the time nor the mental discipline to recognize the perfection of the chain of secondary or empirical causation. One thing, however, they clearly discern,—the cause of all that is, is ideal. Whatever limbs we may miss from the body, or links from the bonds of our daily life, in that ideal is our resource and compensation. Our Lectisternium differs from that of the Romans in this. Our women carry their gorgeous stuffs into the temple, but they cover with them the symbolical earth of their own bodies, not the bare ground for the gods to walk on.

We remember fasts and prayers appointed among all denominations at the time of the first visitation of the cholera among us. The terror inspired by this new enemy was wild and weird. It led to great public utterances of penitence for the social and personal sins supposed to have unloosed the vials of the Divine wrath. There were intense excitements of conscience and imagination in sensitive natures. A coarse method of entreaty prevailed among the less cultured sects. Those polite in learning were politer in their prayers. But this was the substance of all the petitions: "God had sent the cholera for our sins. God was always right, but would God be pleased to remove it as soon as possible?" The name was now revered in its unity, but revered as if its magic lay in itself, and not in any part of what it could be supposed to represent.

Subsequent misfortunes, or events that were deemed such, have been met by like demonstrations, though scarcely on so extended a scale. Commercial reverses are usually followed by crises of religious feeling. The present war has brought its fasts and feasts, the latter mostly among ourselves. There is a certain logic in this. The changes in form and action which seem to men a giving way of the real order, throw them back for all steadfast comfort upon the ideal, whose unchangeableness lies at the end of all their delusions.

Look at this sailor in a storm, Hindoo, Chinese, or Catholic.

As perils increase, he places a small image before him, and addresses his supplications to it. Nothing can save him, if this cannot. It may be Siva, Brahma, Buddha, Virgin Mary, or the crucifix,— it marks at least an ideal point outside of the man and of the powers of nature that threaten him. Upon this, the emblem of substantial and primary power, he is compelled, however ignorantly, to rely. The wonder is, that, with so little of thought and of reason as he is likely to have, he should be so wise.

Like the eye of sense, the eye of inward perception can be trained to a large multiplication of its original gift of discernment. In early stages of civilization, man will have his symbol of the ideal as near him as possible, its essence being proportionately removed from his modes of sympathy and of consciousness. Culture continually increases in one ratio the distance of the symbol, and the nearness of the substance. So the man of one time could carry his Divine in his pocket,— the man of our time must carry him in his heart, in his conscience and consciousness.

The writer of these pages recalls a revival meeting in New York, more than twenty years ago, in which an assembly of young men and women, not chosen from the ruder classes, was called to order after the following manner:—“ My friends, salvation is a business which each of us is called upon to transact for himself. The debt is sin, the penalty eternal suffering, the liquidation and settlement provided is the atonement of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Now, friends, we are one party in this matter, and God is the other party. We are here, therefore, to transact business with God.” This last phrase, often repeated, seemed dwelt upon by the speaker with peculiar satisfaction. In the prayers that followed, the Divine bondholder was urged to make large investments of his grace in the securities then and there presented. All this, though impious to us, was not so to a man whose only modes of thought were derived from banking and brokerage; whose religion, if he had any, was solvency, and his heaven a considerable excess of income over expenditure. This commercial jargon is probably still current in religious circles of a certain sort in America, recalling the Psalmist’s

reproach,— alas ! how often justified,— “ Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself.”

Let us picture another phase of belief, not historical nor special, but of common occurrence.

Ellen has built her life upon the idea of a marriage whose conditions exist only in her imagination. She firmly believes this especial marriage to be the will and intention of God. All her faith in God revolves around this point. The name for her symbolizes the indulgent parent who will gratify her favorite wish, at whatever cost to others. Should the desired marriage fail, one does not see where her faith will find a refuge, so narrowly is it shut within this simple hypothesis. Following this end with unswerving determination, she regards all who oppose it by reason or authority, not only as her enemies, but as the enemies of her God. To hate and denounce them becomes as much her duty as her pleasure. Are they prosperous ? Wait a little. God is on the look-out for them. Does misfortune overtake them ? She knew that God would visit their sins upon them. The name here stands for the deification of personal passion. The faith is chiefly characterized by the virulence which runs through the Jewish theology. It is derived in a great degree from that adoption of the Hebrew Scriptures which allows their spirit to dominate and obscure all that is most valuable in the precepts of the New Testament. This small and personal cherishing of the worst features of Judaism is the silliest Antichrist of the present day, scarcely to be palliated by any excuse short of lunacy.

Our Puritan fathers are chargeable with errors akin to these. They were Jewish rather than Christian in their doctrines, but the society with which they quarrelled was, with whatever politeness and elegance of culture, heathen, and therefore farther from true Christianity than they. The power that was in them was a true one. The sincerity of their protest against religious tyranny, the resolution to establish human rights on a broader and more fundamental basis than any hitherto acknowledged in human society, the courage to cross the dreaded ocean and possess new continents in the name of religion and of liberty,— these are their true

merits. But what was religion to them can never be religion to us, and what they called liberty would be to us an unendurable form of slavery. Thus, their spirit may be emulated in all time, but their doctrine and discipline are outgrown.

The weighty “Thus saith the Lord” of the Hebrew prophets was a recognized formula of discipline and reproof. Their anathemas were fulminated against the enemies of their nation,— oftener yet, it would seem, against the enemies of society, the men of violence, the deeds of rapacity which marred the peaceful order of trade and agriculture. The truth of their passion gives their utterances a value which may be misapplied and misinterpreted, but not destroyed. And the harshness of their polemic zeal is redeemed by their glimpses of the ultimate moral unity and harmony which make their words ever prophetic, and significant of good things yet to come. Woe to them if these utterances were ever made the instrument of a personal intention! Even Balaam, desiring the gifts of Balak the son of Ziphor, was not able to bless or curse otherwise than as the spirit commanded.

Shall we mention the strange feast in which Robespierre crowned his career of bloody fanaticism by the recognition of the *Être Suprême*? It was a costly holocaust that he brought to the god of his worship, but that god was a theory, emancipated from the practical restraints of duty and necessity. Or shall we give one look at Auguste Comte, as he stands, surrounded by his neophytes, girt with the green emblems of hope, to sacrifice to the Grand *Être*? This Grand *Être*, his readers will remember, was a new and curious abstraction, an aggregate of the memories of noble men. Incorporation into this aggregate was the highest boon that the living could accord the dead. It was immortality. And yet this man despised the constructions of metaphysical hypothesis! He said he did, at least, and thought so.

But now we come to one of the marked women of the last thirty years. Harriet Martineau, of Unitarian antecedents, of wide reputation as an humanitarian and social economist, travelling in the East, dropped one day a diamond from her finger, and believed in God no more. She returned to England without this family jewel, far richer, in her own opinion,

than when she left it. And so the name was thenceforth banished from the study and sick-chamber at Ambleside. The Ruler of the Universe was no longer needed at Harriet Martineau's. The door was politely opened, and the superfluous guest was asked to depart. So He whose presence cannot be excluded is nameless there. He is neither praised, blamed, nor invoked. And many awkward formulas are resorted to, to cover the unhandsome void of this omission. An ingenious volume is also published, which we may call an attempt to reconstruct morals, as if there were none. And Miss Martineau continues to write and live, although God does not.

But, dear Madam, you are continually employing forms of speech which, after discarding that of God, it does not become you to use. You persist in speaking of Justice, Virtue, Liberty. But you surely know that no entity corresponding to any of these names is discoverable, or, upon your ground, imaginable. These all express the elaboration of certain ideal agencies from the observation of certain real facts. The universal human mind makes these abstractions for itself out of an incalculable sum of conditions, actions, and intentions. To get along without these words will indeed require the coining of a new vocabulary. But if you will not allow us to express the supreme unification, which is a personification of the sum of all good, we cannot allow you to employ the minor unifications, which express the components of that sum. For here the objections which apply to the whole apply equally to all its parts. Between us, we shall thus deprive the human mind of that power of abstraction on which its noblest results are contingent. For without this very twofold power of generalizing agency and of unifying acts, no process of human thought, moral, scientific, or imaginative, could be carried on to useful ends.

In this connection, then, let us call new councils throughout benighted Christendom, to remodel the grammar and the dictionary. We will keep only the words that express material processes and results, these being for us the only substantial facts. Love and Friendship will be dismissed as inexact expressions. In their place we shall speak of the affinity of sex and the affinity of interest. Truth and Duty

will not suit our turn, Fact and Expediency must replace them. We shall say that A. has ceased to function, when we announce his death. We shall take oath after the following formula: "So help me no God!" We shall make a world-wide *auto-da-fé* of the books of past ages,—centres of delusion, that continue to mislead mankind. Both Testaments must go,—Latin poets, Greek also. Dante must perish in a brief hell of flame. All the great thinkers will follow him. In language and literature we shall make wide havoc. In morals and manners we shall do no less. Every assignable reason for man's discipline and improvement, from the rudest to the most refined stages of culture, will be wiped out at one touch of the Martineau brush. "Do as you like as far as you can," is the simple starting-point of nature. There being no absolute reason why you should do more or better except the compulsion of those who would find your service and moderation useful to them, we should swiftly revert to the tyranny of the few and the passivity of the many, or, failing that, to a state of anarchy in which the excess of human passion would tend towards the rapid extinction of the race. So little do the rules of animal life suffice for the guidance of man. So little does *mind* avail when considered simply as a mechanical phenomenon, without ideal cause or consequence, and with no intrinsic obligation save those of its own fortuitous generation.

Were we to apply the same method rigorously to the constructions of natural science, and abide the logic of its consequences, the question is, whether we should not find ourselves obliged to dismiss hypothesis after hypothesis, generalization after generalization, until our retrogradation should lead us to an impossibility of co-ordination and statement whose inarticulate confusion would be the only fit expression for the moral chaos of a world with no foundation for law, with no reason for order.

The name, then, seems to have served the interests of the race, and to have been inextricably woven into the whole web of its thought and of its life. Like all else with which man deals, it has been used for ill, as well as for good. Its weight has been added to injustice as well as to justice, to

deeds of cruelty as well as to deeds of mercy. It has been appended to many an illustrious death-warrant, between Jesus Christ and John Brown. Yet to the pure, the sincere, the steadfast and fervent, it has been the *ne plus ultra* of support and consolation. These have not feared to walk to the torture-chamber, the stake, and the gallows, strong in its sole companionship. Those who have forced it to sanction the violation of human rights and duties have trusted little to its simple protection, filling up the void of faith by outward guards and defences. But if, in view of its uses and abuses, we should call together the sons of men throughout the world, and put it to vote among them whether the name, in all the varieties of its reading, should be dismissed or retained in the future, we believe that the savage would give his skins, the sage his studies, the merchant his gains, ay, the woman her child, rather than that this one possession should pass from the archives of the race. For it is the title-deed of man's nobility, and the patent of his immortal estate.

## ART. III.—GIORDANO BRUNO.

1. *Opere di GIORDANO BRUNO, ora per la prima volta raccolte, da ADOLFO WAGNER.* 2 vols. Leipsic. 1830.
2. *JORDANI BRUNI Nolani, Scripta quæ latine redigit omnia.* Ed. GFÖRER. Stuttgart. 1834.
3. *La Ragione, Foglio ebdomadario di Filosofia religiosa, politica e sociale.* Turin. 1856–57. Arts. *La Morte d'un Filosofo*, and *Giordano Bruno*, in the Nos. from November to August.

THAT was an arduous, protracted, and fearful struggle through which men passed in breaking away from the torpor of the Middle Age, and commencing the ascent towards intellectual freedom. The night had long hung dark and heavy, the decay which had supervened upon the culmination of the Greek and Roman civilizations was wide-spread and deep-reaching, paralyzing all energies, and seeming to quench all

life. The enchantment and stupefaction were all but complete and universal, and it was impossible that the return should be other than embarrassed, slow, and painful.

In just this period falls the era of the Italian philosopher, Giordano Bruno. He was born at Nola, a little town near Naples, about 1555. Of his father we know nothing save the name, Gioan Bruno. Such obscurity rests upon the history that we are able to gather almost nothing of Giordano's early circumstances and culture; a few hints only, and those dropped incidentally by himself, being all that remain to us.

He would seem to have been a studious, thoughtful boy, eager and apt at acquisition, and fond of solitude. In the companionship of nature he sat much and mused. Vesuvius, he tells us, was on the boundary of his little horizon, and seemed the end of the world to him. Distant and strange it looked, unlike his own Cicada, "crowned with ivy and cornel, laurel and myrtle, with olive-bough and rosemary, girdled with chestnut and oak, poplar and elm rejoicing in the embrace of the grape-bearing vine." But bidden forth and abroad, he visited Vesuvius, and found that it too was of nature, everywhere abloom with richest life. Hence he took hint of the world. Elsewhere, says he, the sky is blue and earth is green,—the horizon spreads still untraversed, and all things are much the same as here. Nay, the stars yonder,—are they not, mayhap, worlds like this, and "we heaven to them as they are heaven to us"? His principal studies were mathematics, philosophy, and poesy, for the acquisition of which he seems to have had as good opportunities as were then accessible. His rearing was among the incantations of Rome; into her bosom he was born, from her lips his ears caught their first words, and at her hand he received his early impressions. Still a youth, scarcely past boyhood, he joined a monastic order, the Dominican, prompted probably by the opportunity thus afforded of pursuing his favorite culture.

The cloister proved no home for him. Born and reared amid dreary wastes and choking death-damps, he was yet alive. He had thirsts and loves. His soul went out in quenchless longings after truth. In early boyhood, as he

somewhere mystically describes, while musing in deep solitudes, beneath his native Campanian sky, he had caught glimpses of the fair Diana, and he was henceforth kindled with a flame. In later years he read Plato, and the words came fresh and life-inspiring to him. He had no patience with the hollow mummeries and stupid conceits which prevailed all around him. His speech was caustic and cutting, and gave great offence to the friars, as their hypocrisy and pedantry were a standing disgust to him. He was guilty of heresy, also, for Scioppius (a German monk, an apostate from Protestantism, who was present at his trial and execution, and writes a somewhat free account of him to a friend) says that he denied the doctrines of transubstantiation and the miraculous conception. Renouncing the order, he fled in peril of his life, and sought refuge in foreign climes.

He came, in 1580, to Geneva, one of the homes of the Reformation, the renowned seat of the Swiss Reformers. But his first experience with Protestantism was not happy. He had an instinctive aversion to everything dogmatic and narrow, and was soon the determined opponent of Calvinism. There was no tolerance here for such freedom, and he was quickly driven out by persecution. He entered Papal France, and gave lectures as he found opportunity in the principal cities, in behalf of what he terms "a more rational philosophy." At Paris, Henry III. offered him a professorship in the Sorbonne, on condition that he would attend mass, a thing he had no thought of doing. But it was a bold refusal, where the scenes of Bartholomew's night were still so fresh in every recollection, and the echoes of the cry, *La messe ou la mort!* had not yet died away. He professed in his own way, without royal sanction, "an academician," as he announces himself, "but of no academy."

A warm dispute was in progress touching the character and claims of the Aristotelian philosophy, or rather of that far-famed scholasticism which, under the prestige of Aristotle's name, had now for centuries held such unbroken and all-withering sway. It was discovered that numerous corruptions had crept into the writings of the great master, as commonly received; there were interpolations and mistranslations,

occasioning manifold obscurities and perversions of the sense, and numbers had become well persuaded that a great part of what passed current under his name was entirely without sanction or authority from him. There was a growing disposition to return to the original sources, and ascertain the pure text, in the hope that much improvement would come of it. It was at best a very partial affair, occupied as was all the Protestantism of that day very much with questions of textual authenticity, and of the more or less to be received on authority, never touching upon the vital question of all. But poor and superficial as it was, looking to but slight amelioration, it was resisted stiffly by the Aristotelians generally. This was innovation and change, and might lead no one knew whither. The dispute had grown violent, provoking much heat on both sides.

With characteristic ardor, Bruno threw himself into the midst of this controversy. He could hardly be said to take any side, but he spoke very unambiguously. Striking deeper than any, he affirmed the test of all authority to be in inner character. He subjected Aristotle freely to criticism, setting forth the inconsistencies and absurdities of which he was undeniably guilty, and exposed the mock pretensions of the self-styled followers and expounders of the master, showing that they did not even apprehend and represent him as he was. In doing this he made very free with certain then living reputations. Of course there was an outcry raised greater than ever. The Aristotelians became very hot against him, rousing the violence of popular prejudice, and he was compelled to fly.

England was the next place of refuge, now (1583) already noted as a hospitable shore for the homeless exile. He was admitted to Oxford, and gave lectures in the University, for a time numerously attended and much applauded. The views were novel, and the utterance was singularly eloquent and stirring. His themes were cosmological and psychological, "the fivefold sphere, and the immortality of the soul." Much of his metaphysical doctrine had hitherto been involved in more or less concealment through the form of its presentation, being brought forward professedly as a certain exposition and

expansion of Raymond Lully's Art of Topical Memory. From this time forward he spoke on his own account, and with much greater clearness. Here also he held debate with the best champions Oxford could pit against him, in advocacy of his favorite doctrines, and in contravention of Aristotle and of Ptolemy. It was conducted, he tells us, with great good-nature and courtesy on his side, and great heat and rudeness on the other ; the antagonist being repeatedly discomfited and silenced, his only weapon left was insolence and abuse.

But the old prejudices were too much ; manifold opposition was roused against him, and he could not remain in Oxford. Withdrawing to London, he opened private classes in the house of a friend, Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke. This was a sunny spot in his stormy life. Here, apparently for the first time, he found friendships, the joys of living communion. Sidney he evidently regarded as beyond all others his *friend*,— one whose soul had met his own, to whose protection he might commit whatever he should write, sure that there it would find recognition, wise judgment, and kindly welcome. This attachment remained unabated to the last, and it seems to have been thoroughly mutual. Sidney admired and cherished Bruno deeply as Bruno loved and honored Sidney. Only the early death of the latter terminated this intimacy. Bruno speaks several times of Greville (Lord Brooke), always in terms of high respect and esteem. Brooke sought Bruno's instructions, and invited him to the conversation of which the *Cena de le Ceneri* (of which more hereafter) is a professed report ; but the friendship seems never to have ripened into intimacy, and an alienation at length occurred through the agency of some jealous busybody. The impress of Bruno's type of thought upon both these minds, Brooke and Sidney, was marked and lasting, and the traces of it are not difficult of recognition in the writings they have left.

But not even here was there rest for this wanderer. His withdrawal from the public eye, his steady occupancy of himself in the quiet walks of domestic and social life, could not shield him from notice and pursuit. His position was too individual, he stood in conflict with too much of the limitation

and prejudice of the age, to be permitted to remain anywhere unmolested. Rome was busy, and the power that laid snares for every escaped subject, sure in one way or another to compass his destruction,— decoying De Dominis from London, a few years later, into the very arms of the Inquisition, and dispatching Marsigli by poison infused into his food at an inn,— had doubtless her plot against this man. All the leading influences were against him, ecclesiastic and scholastic, Papist and Protestant as well ; he was a heretic in all the theologies and in letters, an ultraist and a disturber everywhere. His few friends, gifted and eminent as some of them were, were quite unable to protect him against the universal intolerance. Exposed and alone, he had but to betake him again to flight.

He returned to Paris about 1585, engaged afresh with the Aristotelians in debate, of which he seems to have been immoderately fond, was set upon by violence, and escaped narrowly with life to Germany. Here he traversed the country, visiting the Universities, and expounding his doctrine wherever he could find hearing. In Wittenberg he received a regular appointment as Professor. In his word of acknowledgment to the Senate of the honor conferred, he describes the grounds of its bestowment ; as “a teacher of a more perfect theology, professor of a purer wisdom, a philosopher who rouses the spirit from its slumbers, who battles with ignorance, who cherishes an impartial regard for all mankind, holding all nationalities in like esteem, falling prostrate before no anointed head, no mitre, crown, cowl, or coat, but bowing reverently before the true presence of man, before greatness of soul and of life.” The charge that while here he pronounced a panegyric upon the Devil, is wholly without support, as also the assertion that he connected himself with the Lutheran Church. He remained to the last entirely individual in his attitude, and was “rather unfriendly to any set form of belief and worship.” \*

In 1588 he was at Prague, but found no hearing there, and went next to Helmstadt, where he remained some time under the protection of the Duke of Brunswick, who appointed him

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\* Wagner's Introd. to the *Opere*, p. 29.

private instructor to his son, and afterwards Professor. The old fortune followed ; his protector died in 1589, and he had scarcely commenced his lecture course, when sentence of excommunication was pronounced against him by one Boetius, a clerical notability of the place. He sought and obtained refuge in Frankfort, where, under the hospitable roof of the Wechels, he was immediately busy in the preparation and publication of certain works, almost or quite the last we have from his pen. What was the nature of the interruption that broke him off from these labors is not known. The merest hint is given, barely sufficient to inform us that in the midst of his work, while engaged upon the closing paragraphs of the treatise *De Innumerabilibus*, he was suddenly "torn away," and compelled to commit all farther care of it to another.

What immediately became of him, whether he withdrew to some retired nook, remaining buried in deep concealment, or, as the words just quoted would seem to indicate, was forcibly abducted and carried away to unknown parts, none can tell. All that we certainly know is that ere long, in 1592, he was found in Italy. To the astonishment of all, there he was, living in quiet retreat at Padua.

Perhaps he had grown weary of this perpetual flight, and, fully aware that the death of violence awaited him, that from this cross there was for him no escape, he returned to receive his martyrdom at Rome. More probably, however, he hoped as a last resort to find protection with the Republic of Venice, now the freest state in Italy. He remained in his retirement for a time unmolested, writing constantly, and for support giving private instruction in mathematics and philosophy. He fondly hoped to bring to something like completion the work he had commenced, though aware, as he hints, of the magnitude of the undertaking, and of the imminent hazards to which he was every moment exposed.

The eye of the vulture was upon him. The clergy of Padua, noted even among Papists for the depth of their ignorance and the violence of their prejudices, were soon advised of the presence of the arch-heretic among them, and instigated to seize him. To escape their hands Bruno removed (September, 1592) to Venice, where he hoped he might trust in

the protection of the laws and the assurances of friends. But he had scarcely arrived, when he was seized by the Inquisition and thrown into prison. Word was quickly carried to the presiding Inquisitor at Rome, and the demand as quickly returned for his surrender and extradition to Rome at the first opportunity. The minuteness of the indictment drawn up evinces the vigilance that had followed him, from the moment of his escape from the convent. Nothing is omitted ; every incident of his life, so far as known to any, is brought forward and described with singular exactness.

The Republic hesitated and procrastinated, urging, through its Council of Ten, the press of business, and the importance of time for deliberation upon so grave a case, and finally declined to give any immediate decision. The gondola of the Inquisitor left without the desired victim, but Rome abated none of her hope and determination. The demand was repeated with renewed emphasis. Venice averred that Bruno was arrested on her soil, was a Neapolitan by birth, and that it belonged to herself as much as to any to judge him. Rome declared that he was a subject of the Church, an apostate from the Dominican order, and ere long produced a certificate from Olivares, Governor of Naples, granting her full permission to take him into her custody. After about six years spent in the protracted diplomacies, the bargain of blood was consummated. Bruno was given up, and early in the year 1598 conveyed under strong escort to Rome.

Here the attempt to reduce him to submission, termed the opportunity for repentance, consumed two more years, in the gloomy cells of the Inquisition. Torture was tried, but without avail. Friendless and alone, the victim of crushing cruelty, he was still inaccessible to the demands of his tormentors, and beyond the power of their inflictions. He mocked them, he sneered at their pretensions. "Giordano," he somewhere says, "deals in plain, homely speech, describing each thing as it is, holding idlers, quacks, jugglers, and vampires for what they are, and workers, benefactors, sages, and heroes for what they in turn are. Nor in thought, word, or deed does he affect aught, or exhibit other than sincerity, simplicity, truth." Such was he in early years, in ardent, im-

pulsive youth ; such now in attained manhood, the fiery enthusiasm tempered and ripened into deep devotion ; such to the last, amid whatever trials and extremities of suffering.

The appointed period at an end, no time was lost in pronouncing the long prepared sentence. Bruno was led forth to the sacred tribunal, held at that time in the palace of the presiding Inquisitor. The appointments were in all ways studiously adapted to the inquisitorial purpose to strike with terror, the walls covered with hideous representations of the impending fate of heretics, and the atmosphere surcharged with the dismal presence of a long array of church dignitaries, cardinals,—Robert Bellarmin, the great theological watch-dog of the time, and Severina, an acquaintance in old days of Bruno, among the number.

Hither was the prisoner conducted, barefoot and nearly naked, forced upon his knees, and bidden to listen. A long paper was read by the Grand Inquisitor, professedly stating the leading incidents in Bruno's life,—his early connection with the monastic order, his renunciation of it, his studies and journeyings and inculcations ; not omitting to describe with minute particularity and solemn emphasis the efforts put forth for his recovery by the Church, the deep interest felt in his behalf, the very many paternal admonitions expended upon him by the reverend fathers,—all, as thus far indicated, in vain. He was now, therefore, declared guilty of apostasy and atheism, and delivered over to the secular power, with this significant recommendation, “that he be punished mildly as possible, and without the shedding of blood” ; in other words, for such was the meaning well understood to lurk in the phrase, that he be burned at the stake.

Bruno heard with imperturbable composure, not a shade of a change discoverable in his look. To the final words, so oblique yet so significant, he replied quietly, but with stern glance into the eye of his judges, “Perhaps you more tremble to pronounce sentence upon me, than I to hear it.” Then, nodding to his keepers, he promptly withdrew to his prison.

A few days' extension was still given, in the hope that, in such near view of the stake, retraction might be obtained, or at least certain disclosures extorted, deemed of importance to

the Church. He was transferred from the ecclesiastical to the civil prison, and thrown into the midst of the most loathsome and abandoned criminals. Torture was again plied, but with no new effect. The persecutors, wearied of the very presence of one they could by no possibility reduce, or in the remotest degree make subservient to their purposes, grew eager to be rid of him.

At the end of the eight days the stake and the fagot were in waiting. The place selected was the Campofiore, a large square in Rome, since the days of Arnold of Brescia used many times for the "mild punishment" of heretics. Rome was just now full of strangers, for all Christendom had by order of Clement, on the opening of the new century, gone into festive rejoicings and gratulations over the brilliant successes, such as imperial alliances, Bartholomew massacres, and the like, which had latterly crowned the efforts of the Church. Crowds, therefore, greater than usual for such an occasion, flocked at an early hour to the place of execution.

In slow march through the principal streets of the city came the long procession. In the midst, and escorted on either side by Jesuit fathers, was the condemned victim, clad in the *san benito*, his form pale and wasted from his long confinements and dreadful inflictions,—some of the tortures having galled and fretted away the flesh to the bone, and drained large quantities of the precious lifeblood,—his arms swaying helpless at his side, drawn from their sockets by the rack,—his face worn and saddened by the weight of crushing sorrows, but still beaming with inextinguishable beauty, still youthful and radiant with the deep intelligence that dwelt within. The giddy multitude was for the moment touched and moved. In instinctive pity and respect for the young sufferer and hero, they shrank back and opened clear way before him.

At the stake it was the same serene face, the same high bearing, the same unbroken composure,—not a cringe of reluctance, not a whisper of renunciation. With eye upturned and looking into the face of the great Infinitude,—that eternity, immensity, and power whose presence had filled and awed his childhood, whose voice, articulate in the high laws of nature, the ordinances of justice and truth, had quickened

and armed his manhood,—in fast trust in the Everlasting, he was inaccessible to the jeers of the multitude, and beyond the reach of the fagot's fires. It is said that on his way to the stake he murmured to himself the words of dying Plotinus,—“I am striving to draw to me whatever the universe contains most divine.”

One of the old monks relates, that, in the midst of his last moments, the crucifix being held up for him to kiss, Bruno frowned indignantly upon it, then raised his eyes heavenward and expired in his perverseness and obstinacy. “So, consumed in the flames, he miserably perished,” says Scippius, “going to tell, I opine, in those other worlds which he imagined, what sort of handling heretics and blasphemers are wont to receive of the Romans. This then is our customary manner of dealing at Rome with heretics and monsters of such sort.” It was on a bright, resplendent day, so we read, Sunday, the 16th of February, 1600. Italy had within it, at this time, a great number of men of letters, philosophers, and historians, yet not one among them ventured—such was the terrorism of the Church—to lisp a syllable of this burning.

His ashes were collected by the executioners, and scattered to the winds. His books, after the lapse of three years, were re-examined and put in the prohibited list, his name covered with execration, and condemned to unending oblivion by sentence of the Holy See.

Giordano Bruno has no biographer. Scarcely a fragment of his history, saving the few hints contained in his own paragraphs, is preserved to us. So far as represented to us at all, he is doubtless considerably misrepresented,—as he was ill-known and misknown. No friend speaks, giving us aught of his impressions of this philosopher, or recording anything of his person, presence, characteristics,—of his doctrines or history.

We turn to his writings, and find them few, scanty, and partial, the performance throughout of early youth, and therefore far from affording any full representation or adequate index of the man. And there is ground for supposing that

we have not all even of them, some having perished, as would seem, in the flames, or perhaps remaining still inaccessible, locked up in Romish chests.

A part come to us in the Latin, and a part in the Italian tongue; those in the former, however, with two or three exceptions, seeming of rather light value, since occupied mainly with speculations in cosmology, dialectics, mnemonics, and the like. The Italian writings are all in the form of dialogue. The style is strongly individual, bold, affluent, vivid, dealing much in hyperbole and exaggeration, full of imagery and mystic sense, and rising not seldom to heights of true beauty and power. The paragraphs lack in compactness and finish, — thrown off as they were in haste, in the brief and uncertain intervals of an almost perpetual flight. A graver fault is, that they sometimes run to excessive length through the inordinate passion of the author for tautologies and variations. There is an opulence of culture, very remarkable for those times. He is familiar with the ancient masters in thought, as also with his nearer neighbors, the Arabians and scholastics.\* Pythagoras, Plato, and Plotinus are the favorite names with him. It is evidently a young man that writes, full of the ardors of a youth's enthusiasm. He pants with thirsts, and burns with loves, and leaps with exultation.

*Il Candelajo*, a comedy in five acts, (Paris, 1582,) is designed to hit off the ridiculous pedantries, superstitions, and sensualities of the time, and although perhaps not discreditable as a whole, having much that is witty, apt, and instructive, is evidently a very juvenile affair, coarse and rambling, and far inferior to other things that we have from him. The *Spaccio de la Bestia Trionfante*, the oftenest referred to and best known of his writings, having been done during the earlier half of the last century both into French and English, is an allegorical representation of the final overthrow and expulsion of Falsehood and Wickedness from the world, (not without reference, moreover, as the author aptly hints, to the conflict and conquest that must be wrought out in every individual bosom,) and the inauguration of Truth and Virtue in their stead. The

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\* References are not unfrequent to Avicebron, Avicenna, Averroes, Algazel, &c.  
VOL. LXXVIII.—5TH S. VOL. XVI. NO. II.

scene is laid in the heavens among the gods, and the parts are well chosen and skilfully done. There are many satirical hits, and pregnant hints upon problems of gravest import are not wanting.

The *Cabala del Cavallo Pegaseo* is a satire upon the anointed ignorance and stupidity, the “holy asshood” of the time,—cool and caustic,—such as Rome in no age could have known forgiveness for. The *Cena delle Ceneri* is devoted mainly to the exposition and defence of the Copernican doctrine of the heavens,—a favorite theme with Bruno, as opening a new universe to the gaze, and paving the way for manifold emancipations yet to come. The astronomical fable had intimate connection with the ecclesiastical. As the world was held the centre of the universe, so was Rome the centre of the world, and the Church its great sovereign institution. That dogma once well exploded and sent going, much else, Bruno saw, must go with it. There are also in this book a number of incidental references, highly curious and instructive, to the people and their manners in Britain in those days.

In the *De la Causa, Principio et Uno*, and its counterpart, *De l'Infinito Universo e Maldi*, (Venice, 1584,) he ascends into the regions of Cause, defining and illustrating the metaphysical distinctions here made of Principle, Cause formal, extrinsic, and final, and resolving all into the central unity, examines the relations of seen and unseen, and argues the infinity of the worlds, the utter boundlessness of the universe. A more full and complete exposition of his metaphysical doctrine is here given than can elsewhere be found. He affirms the being and existence of a Somewhat absolute and eternal, inaccessible to sense, in itself invisible and ever-during, all-containing, and all-pervading. By this vital breath are all things quickened and upheld; into this ocean of eternity the river of time falls and is lost, all flux and change are here quenched and hushed to silence, and on the bosom of immensity the worlds rest and repose evermore. Nature is the living garment of God,—his footprint, shadow, symbol. In its laws his character is manifested; and in the principles graven upon the corner-stone of our being—“nel centro del nostro core inscolpite”—his presence is revealed, his voice articulate.

In *De gli Heroici Furori*, (Paris, 1585,) he celebrates in mystic sonnets the loves of the soul, its deep longings, quenchless aspirations, ceaseless strivings, and the sure satisfaction that awaits in the home of Possession, the bosom of the Infinite and Eternal.

Such were the themes that filled Bruno's mind. Upon these his spirit dwelt, around these his thoughts revolved continually. They were ever-besetting; all things reminded him of them. Fain would he explore their depths, and know their significance. For this he yearned and toiled, and wrestled and wrought unceasingly. It is no disparagement to say of him that he did not prevail. These problems are too high for mortals. Thor could not drink that cup dry, or wrestle with the Ancient Woman. To the last man, as to the first, the world is still a riddle, and all existence a miracle, an unexplored mystery. High in the heaven of human consciousness shines the Infinite Presence, pouring its sublime radiance on world without and world within, greater than conception can reach or philosophy explain, refusing to be thought, refusing to be named.

Bruno's affirmation of the Divine existence is of such breadth and clear emphasis as ought forever to put to silence the charge of atheism, so loudly repeated and so widely believed against him. Whatever else he may or may not have been, he was manifestly far from that. No man, one would think, was ever more keenly alive to the Great Presence, none ever penetrated more deeply and powerfully with its pervading influence, than he. It is, he affirms and repeats constantly, most near and intimate of all things to the soul,—“still more within us than we within ourselves.” The Infinite, the Infinite, he exclaims, is everywhere around us.\* God is “the

\* “En ut quocumque nos vertamur, infiniti species non deserit.”—*De Immenso.*

“Causa, Principio et Uno sempiterno,  
Onde l' esser, la vita; il moto pende,  
E a lungo, a largo, e profondo si stende,  
Quanto si dice in ciel, terra et inferno!  
  
Con senso, con ragion, con mente scerno,  
Ch' atto, misura e conto non comprende  
Quel vigor, mole, e numero, che tende  
Oltr' ogn' inferior, mezzo, e superno.

Idea of ideas," — "the simplest essence, in which any composition or intrinsic difference is impossible. Consequently in him is the identity of being, power, action, and will, and indeed whatever may be truly said of this, for he is verity itself." \* "The deep foundation of Nature is God. God is in affairs, articulate in creation, — *in creaturis expressus*. Through Nature God is manifested to the reason, and by Nature reason climbs aloft to God." † Bruno has his own designation by which he would characterize the Supreme. "The universal mind, called by the Pythagoreans the Motor and active Power of the Universe ; by the Platonists, the Smith of the world ; by Orpheus, the Eye of the world ; by Empedocles, the Separator ; by Plotinus, Father and Progenitor ; by ourselves, the internal Builder." ‡ In his view idolatry and "insane atheism" are near of kin, children of the same birth, and often enough found side by side together.

Here he pauses, not essaying to describe or define the illimitable. He knows the limitations set to the human understanding, the utter impotence of the mind to grasp infinity. "The infinite cannot be an object of sense. And therefore he who should require to know this by means of the senses would be like one attempting with the eye to *see substance and essence*." § We can see the Divine, he often repeats, "only in the mirror of similitude. We can know the Divine Substance only in trace, as the Platonists say ; in remote effects, as the Peripatetics ; in vesture, as the Cabalists ; in back parts, as the Talmudists ; in mirror, shadow, and enigma, as the Apocalyptic say." ||

"Only through existence can we arrive at essence ; through the pathway of effects attain to knowledge of cause. And these means are so

Cieco error, tempo avaro, ria fortuna,  
 Sorda invidia, vil rabbia, iniquo zelo,  
 Crudo cor, empio ingegno, strano ardire  
     Non bastaranno a farmi l' aria bruna,  
 Non mi porrann' avanti gli occhi il velo,  
 Non faran mai, eh' il mio bel sol non mire."

*De la Causa, etc., Introd.*

\* *De Immenso.*

§ *De l'Infinito Universo, etc.*

† *De Minimo.*

|| *De la Causa.*

‡ *De la Causa.*

far from sufficient to bear us to that goal, that it is much rather to be supposed that the most profound knowledge of divine things is negative, and not affirmative, considering that the Divine Beauty and Excellence is not that which does or can fall within our conception, but is out and out incomprehensible, — *oltre et oltre incomprendibile.*\*

Thus musing and impressed, he goes out into Nature. He finds it the image of God, “the infinite effect of the infinite cause.” This infinitude he deems is involved in the very existence of the Infinite Power; the *causa causata* must correspond to the *causa causans*. “Potentia infinita non est nisi sit possibile infinitum; non est inquam potens facere infinitum, nisi sit potens fieri; quæ enim impossibilis vel ad impossibile potest esse potentia?”† The Universe, therefore, is boundless and eternal. The world is everywhere alive and symbolic. “We find the footprint, mirror, and image of infinity in all and singular that we see.” The gradations from lowest to highest are infinite, and each thing is representative and microcosmic. “Each is in all, and all in each.” He exults in the riches of the exhaustless volume. Here is instruction and enlargement without end.

Especially do the heavens, with their silent grandeur, their immense spaces and ceaseless processions, awe and inspire him. He is never done with celebrating them. Here is the temple of the Infinite Majesty, here the throne of his Power. Finite blends with infinite, seen melts away into unseen. Every star with him has consciousness, and utters its song.

“These resplendent bodies are the heralds that proclaim the excellence of the glory and majesty of God.”

“There we may contemplate the host of stars, of worlds or living creatures, deities unnumbered, unending, each in its appointed sphere, singing together and dancing to the One Most High. Thus from the perpetual, immense, and innumerable effects in the visible is that sem-piternal and supreme majesty and excellence mentally beheld, and duly glorified, by the attendance and choral symphonies of innumerable gods or worlds, uttering forth the glory of Him in the expressive language of vision. To Him illimitable no limited temple will correspond; to the acknowledgment and fit worship of the plenitude of his majesty there would be no proportion in any numerable array

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\* *Heroici Furori.*

† *De Immenso.*

of ministrant spirits. Let us therefore cast our eyes upon the omni-form image of the all-forming God; let us reverence his living and sublime Symbol!"\*

The tendency with Bruno is throughout to etherealize everything, to lose the world in God. He sinks form in essence, annihilating all individuality. All difference and change are phenomenal, not real. All things are but modes of the one substance. This doctrine appears prominently in all his writings, and in the *De la Causa* it is stated broadly, and applied with a freedom hardly excelled by Spinoza himself.

"Being is indivisible, and most purely single (*semplicissimo*); hence it is not correct to speak of it partitively, as that the earth or sun is part of Substance; we may only say *Substance in this or that part*. Even as it is not proper to say a part of the life in the arm or head, or the like, but the life in this or that part."

In the sphere of substance is the indifference of power and action; possibility and fact are one. Distinctions of time and space, form and number, there are none here. Point is line, line is surface, surface is solid. An hour, an age, have no difference in eternity. Death is birth, the end of decay the commencement of growth. Extremes meet, contradictions agree, discords blend together and swell higher the harmony in the realm of the everlasting.†

The scale is the same, says Bruno, through which nature descends, and thought ascends; the one starting from unity and going out into multiplicity, the other starting in the midst of multiplicity, and rising step by step to the central unity. "The descent is from one Being to numberless individuals and kinds; the ascent is from these to that." The nearer our approach to the One, the deeper our knowledge, the more luminous the world. Genius simplifies and resolves; and he would be the most consummate geometer who should reduce all the propositions of Euclid to one. Here is the gradation of the intelligences; for the inferior cannot understand except with many examples, the superior understand better than they with fewer, and the most gifted perfectly, with fewest. The highest intelligence in a single idea comprehends

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\* *De Immens. et Innumerab.*

† *Op.*, Vol. I. pp. 281, 282, 283, 285, &c.

all completely ; the Divine Mind and the absolute unity without form at all, is the same that understands and is understood.\*

We find in Bruno an exalted view of man, his nature, relations, and mission. With full recognition of the limitations that beset, of the twofold character of human existence,—man himself being dual, on one side the child of time, the creature of circumstance, the breath of an hour, dependent, subject, fleeting away,—there is yet most positive affirmation of the pre-eminence of the soul, its sublime power, prerogative, responsibility, its eternity of possession, and the untold greatness of its destiny. There is a significant passage upon this general theme in the opening of *De Immenso*, from which we take the following :—

“ This, in the midst of all his devotions and activities and successes, is really with man the primal object of regard,—that his thought may rest in the original True, his will in the original Good. For in what acquisition soever, the human intelligence and affection are not satisfied ; hence it is most plain that these look not to any special and particular true or good, beyond which they evermore seek and aspire after another and another, but to the universal, beyond which there can be none. In nothing which has limitation, therefore, can there be any end of search and desire. In every soul inheres the desire to possess all, to be evermore what one sometimes is, to enjoy wholly what he in part enjoys ; and it can never rest satisfied in any attainment so long as aught remains yet to be attained. These things are the birth of the infinite ; and as infinite space is, which surrounds all, so are possibility, capacity, power of reception, growth, and transformation. Universal Nature is not too small to satisfy the full want of each particular, and in respect to its greatness itself also universal nature ; hence most clearly is it wholly unfit that any should account the aim and aspiration inborn in every soul— inherent, inseparable, and consubstantial with it—as in anywise idle or fruitless, looking to an unreal and impossible object.

“ Nor are we deterred from accepting this vision of light, by the fact that desire of the present life is hereby disappointed ; for such desire comes of this, that no particular existence can know universal action ; it comprehends things only in succession and one by one, so that only that which is present is the object of knowledge and desire. Hence by

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\* *Op.*, Vol. I. p. 287.

the sovereign utterance of nature it wishes to exist forever, but through its lack of knowledge it wishes to exist forever that which it now is; for it knows no other existence whence it issued, or whither it goes. A WISE SPIRIT DOES NOT FEAR DEATH; nay, sometimes it seeks and goes forth to meet it of its own accord. For there awaits all actual beings, for duration, eternity,—for place, immensity,—for action, omniformity. . . . . Thence was man termed by Trismegistus ‘the great miracle,’ since he passes into God,—*transeat in Deum*,—as if he were himself a god,—tries to *become* all, as God himself *is All.*”

Elsewhere, with more of the poet’s warmth and rapture, he declares the same broad privilege. In a sonnet in *De la Causa*, addressed “to his own spirit,” he speaks thus:—

“Mount, though the sustaining earth at thy deep foundations clasp thee, yet dost thou avail to lift thy head among the stars. . . . . Lose not here thy birthright, nor reclining earthward, hindered, touch the waters of black Acheron. Up and on; nature shall try deepest recesses, for at touch of God thou shalt be fervid flame!”

The heroic spirit has alchemies whereby it transmutes all things to gold. Misfortune cannot befall it. “They know to draw a higher freedom from chains, and turn defeat into greater victory.” No virtue is complete until it has risen beyond the reach of temptation, and come to dwell in an atmosphere so serene that trial cannot touch it. The self-command must be perfect. The hero can lie down upon burning coals as on bed of roses,—“*de prunis ardentibus velut e roseo strato.*” This, he says, is the perfection of constancy, not that the tree break not nor bend, but that it move not at all. Then will philosophy have wrought its perfect work, when in the exaltation of his thought one shall be so far removed from bodily sensation as not to feel pain. This superiority to suffering, he avers in another place, has its origin in the fact “that one is wholly absorbed in the thought of virtue, or the true good and blessedness. So Regulus had no sense of the chest, Lucretia of the poniard, Socrates of the poison.”

He recognizes the value of society, but remembers the limitations. Use it sparingly, holding all things sacred to culture, giving yourself only where you may impart or else receive, and above all things avoid the intoxications of a crowd. For meditation and deepest communion, frequent

withdrawal is indispensable. Richest visits come in solitude. Only in the wilderness of retired contemplation is the Diana of purest Beauty found. Very rare are the Actæons who have been privileged to see her nude. Those arrested and haunted henceforth have become devoured of the high conceits. Truth is coy, dwelling in nooks and silent retreats, visited by few, often in caves hedged up with thorns, and seeming inaccessible, but where wise men, following, penetrate and take her by surprise.\*

Such an idealist naturally believes in magic. But it is something different from the empty juggle of the day, which passes current under that name. It is the getting possession and use of Nature's forces through the exploration of her subtle laws, or, as he himself defines, "versa circa la contemplazione de la Natura, e perscrutazione di suoi secreti." Miracles of accomplishment, untold feats of genuine thaumaturgy, lie wrapped up here. It is through the symbol to learn the secret; in the face to read the experiences, the joys and sorrows and behaviors of the life; in the form and structure to know the length of days appointed. Everywhere is the work of this "scribe, who in marking makes all, and in making marks all," and his is the skilful eye that can decipher the character.

To the imagination he assigns, fitly, high place in the making up of the philosophical endowment. The philosopher is near of kin to poet and to painter. "Philosophi sunt quodammodo pictores atque poetæ." "Nemo est philosophus nisi fингit et pingit."

He finds no line at bottom between liberty and necessity. "The Divine will is not only necessary, but is necessity itself, whose opposite is impossible not only, but even impossibility itself." Man's freedom is alone to act in obedience to the great necessities.

"Necessitas et libertas sunt unum; unde non est formidandum quod cum agat necessitate naturæ, non libere agat; sed potius immo omnino non libere ageret aliter agendo quam necessitas et natura, imo natura necessitas requirit." †

\* *Op.*, Vol. II. pp. 406, 408.

† *De Immenso.*

Some of the most remarkable observations and statements of his near successors in philosophy, commonly deemed distinctive and characteristic of them, are anticipated in Bruno. Descartes's doctrine of doubt as a starting-point and essential condition for just, fruitful inquiry, is distinctly enunciated in the *De l' Infinito*. His acute observation, too, that scepticism overthrows itself, that all doubt must stand finally in belief and affirmation, "the stoutest doubter not being able to doubt that he doubts," is here. "If we know no truth, they themselves know not what they are saying, nay, cannot even be sure whether they are speaking or braying, are men or asses." Spinoza's *natura naturans* and *natura naturata* appear in Bruno's *natura generata e generante o producente e prodotta*, and in one instance we have noticed the expression *natura naturante* to occur. The Leibnitzian doctrine of monads is found in Bruno. In physics Galileo, Bayle, and others are said to be much indebted to him; the first, in particular, drawing from him some of his finest demonstrations touching the truth of the Copernican system.

The Divine influences, he affirms, are constant, uniform, perennial, ever present to the soul, "always knocking at the door of the perceptive and apprehensive powers." Man's entire business in his relation to them is "to open the window" that the sunlight may come in. Virtue is its own reward, sin "bears within itself the principle of its own punishment." Jesus stands pre-eminent through all ages, "Shepherd of shepherds," but Moses, Hermes, Zoroaster, Zamolxis, and the like, have wrought to the same high end, and are of kindred spirit. Truth is Bible, and the volume of the sacred canon is broad as the inspired utterance of man, confined not to Greek and Hebrew tongues, but extant in fragments more or less complete in all the monuments of human speech. Let all the records be searched, and by careful scrutiny and sifting of "profane" and "sacred" both, the sentences of the immortal Scripture be gathered up. This was "Abomination" No. 2 found against him by the court,—an atrocious heresy in those days, and not become approved orthodoxy even in ours. The Church is no narrow ecclesiasticism, no petty conclave set apart by solemn rite and maintained exclusive by certain rig-

orous specialities of belief and observance, but is evermore the brotherhood of the true, its ritual broad as the practice of all virtue, its fellowships deep, spontaneous, and living as the communion of souls. Its priesthood are the interpreters of Nature, expositors of the Divine, anointed not with oil, but with Truth; wielding the keys of a kingdom of heaven not fictitious, but real; opening day by day the immensities of Life to men, and lifting them ever to new freedom and blessedness; a hierarchy of wisdom and nobleness, God-ordained and perpetual.

These last, according to monk Scioppius, whose hints, although partial and distorted, are yet without difficulty intelligible, were among the grounds on which Bruno received condemnation. The doctrines were accounted blasphemous, "horrid absurdities," "abominations," far more monstrous than anything yet found in Lutheranism. The common people in Rome had it on the day of the martyrdom, that a Lutheran was burned; "and I might," says Scioppius, "have thought the same, had I not been present at the sacred tribunal when sentence was pronounced, and so been in position to know what sort of heresies he held." "So absurd and monstrous," he declares, "have not been maintained by any philosophers or heretics, whether ancient or modern."

Bruno seems to have been a solitary man, a homeless wanderer, driven perpetually from place to place,—always, as the homely phrase is, "in hot water." He never, so far as appears, was married, and probably knew little of home, or the sweets of domestic relation. It was a restless, weather-beaten, tempest-tost life. The portrait given of him in Dr. Wagner's edition of the *Opere*, one can without difficulty believe genuine. It is a remarkable face, singularly riveting and impressive.

"Per man d' amor scritto veder potreste  
Nel volto mio l' istoria di mie pene,"—

begins one of the sonnets; and one would say this face, young as it manifestly is, seems already written over with experiences of sorrow. The look is grave, nigh to sadness, earnest, thoughtful, elevated, as of one naturally dwelling in the upper airs, and wholly free from the trace of anything passionnal or

sensuous. The front brain is massive, the eye clear and prominent. Every feature testifies to great positiveness of temperament and character.

The polarities are very strong. He has everything in intensity. He is a stern incorrigible hater, having no jot of patience with falsehood and pretence. Pedants and quacks he holds in utmost detestation and abhorrence. They are "mountebanks," "play-actors," "jugglers," "bloodsuckers," "cheats." They "pervert nature, putting darkness for light, and light for darkness," and "have filled the world with infinite madness." The age seems to him a degenerate one, as far gone as possible in stupidity, sensuality, and conceit. The worship was a mockery, and the living base. There was no longer any manhood, any trust or nobleness. The world could not be worse governed, men could not become more deeply benighted and besotted. "Earnest contemplation is madness." "Devotion to the religion of the soul is a capital crime." "Truth is made one with marvels, wisdom with cunning, law with force, justice with tyranny." The lowest depth has been reached; henceforth any change must be improvement, any alteration relief.

It is amid such surroundings he writes. No thoughtful, earnest man could be tempted to lift his pen out of any consideration of interest or outer welfare. Every visible inducement would constrain him to maintain unbroken silence. But out of regard to the "eye of the Eternal Verity," he is impelled all the more to interpose. There is a lofty indifference to the immediate verdict. Time will bring sure vindication. The truth is good enough for him. He is well content to rest in its protection, and bide its issue. "To have sought, found, and laid open a form of Truth,—be that my commendation, even though none understand. If with Nature and under God I be wise, that surely is more than enough."

With such intense heat, however, there is sometimes angry flame. Doubtless he was occasionally more vehement and violent than was meet. There are traces of acerbity in these writings. And in the annals of the University of Marburg it stands recorded, under date of July, 1586, in the hand of Peter Nigidius, Rector, that Bruno grossly insulted that digni-

tary in his own house, when the latter refused, "for imperative reasons," to grant him permission to lecture publicly in the University, "as if I were acting in violation of the laws of nations, the usage of the German Universities, and all the promptings of humanity."

The loves are alike ardent. He cherishes tenderly the friendships he has found. The Dedications, some to the French Ambassador, others to Sir Philip Sidney, are throughout replete with expressions of deep gratitude and warmest devotion. He renders high homage to the ladies he has met in Britain, "fair nymphs that dwell upon the green banks of the noble Thames." Their gifts and graces and worth had charmed him. Whatever words of severity he may have for men, he has none for them. With the gallantry of a knight he lays all at their feet;—"Genius, tongue, pen of what gift soever, must hold effort and art obedient to you." Yet he is ethereal in his loves. He lays his soul's affection at the feet of no person. One there is of whom he is "enamored," a presence which never fails. At sight of the fair Diana issuing from the wood beneath his native Campanian sky, he exclaims exultantly to Love, "Myself I give to her"; and the god commends his choice.

He has exhaustless vitality. His activity is tireless and invincible. Set upon and broken off from one form of exertion, he is instantly at work in another, lecturing, privately instructing, or solitarily writing, according to his occasion, everywhere indefatigably busy. Dangers gather close; he is like the hunted hare, hard-pressed and momentarily on the point of being taken and devoured, day by day conscious and expectant of the near impending fate, yet on he writes,— "not to stand idle or ill-employed, while awaiting his death, his transmigration, his change." There are portions of the *Heroici Furori* which would seem to have been penned during the imprisonment.

He has also great personal courage. He never cowers; he fronts any peril for the sake of his conviction. His daring went to the very verge of audacity. And yet he was a man of fine texture, deeply, acutely sensitive. Every wound pierces, every wrong pains him to the quick. He feels himself alone,

renounced, maligned, and hunted everywhere, "in every place made a mark for the arrogance of sophists, the jealousies of the ill-disposed, and the violence of the multitude." "Driven," he says, in the *Oratio Consolatoria*, "even in my first years, from country, friends, studies, exposed evermore to the devouring teeth of the Roman wolf, an outlaw for love of freedom and of truth." "See now this man, citizen and companion as it were of the world, see how he must be hated, set upon, hunted and driven from the world, because he loves it too well."\*

"If, O illustrious knight," he exclaims in the Dedication of *De l' Infinito*, "I were holding the plough, feeding a flock, cultivating a garden, or repairing a garment, few would notice, hardly any would find fault with me, and I might easily live on peaceable terms with all. But for marking out the field of nature, for seeking pasturage for the soul, for being devoted to the culture of the mind, for devising garments for the thought, see how I am eyed and menaced, sought and assailed, seized and devoured! Not of one or of few merely, but of many, nay, as it were, all."

The sonnets of the *Heroici Furori* are pervaded with a certain mystic exaltation. Taken as a whole, indeed, this book is hardly aught else than a sustained rapture, an anthem of the soul, celebrating the warmth of its love, the strength of its will, and the glory of that destiny which through sublime reaches and heights of character awaits the heroic doer. The elevation is grand; such fervor of devotion, such exultation in privilege, such protestations of constancy, such assurance of largest realization. Much is doubtless autobiographic, descriptive of inner experience, in a measure also of outer history; for there seems often a singular play in the sense, literal and tropical, fact and figure being strangely mingled and blended together. Love's dart has pierced; the heart quivers with the sweet wound, it is touched and kindled with a quenchless flame. A celestial ray has visited, which bathes the being in light, waking the powers to new measures of strength, calling them forth to highest feats of exertion and achievement. Love is the medium "through which I discern

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\* *Op.*, Vol. II. p. 109.

the deep truth, which unlocks the dark adamantine gates, discloses whatso earth and heaven and hell contain, brings present true forms of the absent, takes captive the powers, wounds evermore the heart, and opens all within."

The following sonnet is of singular elevation, (described by an Italian writer of the present day as perhaps unrivalled in this respect elsewhere in his nation's literature,\*) and also well illustrative of the tone of deep mysticism that pervades the book generally: —

“Poi che spiegate ho l' ali al bel desio,  
 Quanto più sotto il piè l' aria mi scorgo  
 Più le veloci penne al vento porgo,  
 E spregio il mondo, e verso il ciel m' invio.  
 Ne del figiol di Dedalo il fin rio  
 Fa che giù pieghi, anzi via più risorgo.  
 Ch' io cadro morto a terra ben m' accorgo ;  
 Ma qual vita pareggia al morir mio ?  
 La voce del mio cor per l' aria sento :  
 Ove mi porti, temerario ? china,  
 Chè raro è scuza duol troppo ardimento.  
 Non temer, respond' io l' alta ruina !  
 Fendi sicur le nubi, e muor' contento,  
 S' il ciel si illustre morte ne destina !” †

When, O when, he exclaims in another sonnet, “ shall I mount the mountains ? ” “ When ascend to the realm of Universal Presence, where all obstruction is removed, all veil taken away, the ideal become real, the absent present, and aspiration possession ? Then shall I become free and strong and blessed, filled with boundless light and joy.” The form of this sonnet is peculiar, each line closing with a paronomasia, as if to represent the parallelism of the two spheres, seen and unseen, here to be blended into one.

\* D. Levi in *La Ragione*, Tom. VI. p. 107.

† Which we may render thus: “ Since I have given wing to the fine desire, the more I see the earth beneath my feet, the more I spread swift pinions to the wind, and, despising the world, press onward to heaven. Nor can the harsh fate of Dedalus's son make me descend; rather, the higher I rise. That I shall fall dead upon earth, well I know; but what life can equal my dying ? The voice of my heart I feel in the air: ‘ Whither bearest thou me, rash one ? Down; for seldom is great boldness without sorrow.’ Fear not, I reply, the deep fall ! Secure cut the clouds, and die content, if Heaven appoint us so illustrious an end ! ”

“ Destin, quando sarà ch’ io monte monte,  
 Qual per bearmi a l’ alte porte porte,  
 Che fan quelle bellezze conte conte,  
 E l’ tenace dolor conforto forte  
 Chi fe’ le membra mie disgionte gionte,  
 Nè lascia mie potenze smorte morte ?  
 Mio spirto più ch’ il suo rivale vale.  
 S’ ove l’ error no più l’ assale sale,  
 Se dove attende, tende,  
 E là ’ve l’ alto oggetto ascende, ascende  
 E se quel ben, ch’ un sol comprende, prende,  
 Per cui convien, che tante emende, mende,  
 Esser felice lice  
 Come chi sol tutto predice dice.”

In the fifth dialogue of the first part, a series of armorial designs is brought before the eye, each purposed to symbolize some feature in the condition, inward or outward, of *Il Furioso*. Upon one shield is a representation of the sun pouring its light and warmth upon the earth, and the motto is, *Idem semper, ubique totum*; upon another, a burning torch, with the motto, *Ad vitam non ad horam*. Upon another is the figure of a naked youth, (naked, he explains, as subject to all the exposures of existence here,) reclining upon the grass, and intently gazing upon certain sights in the skies, dwellings, towers, gardens, and a castle of fire. The motto is, *Mutuo fulcimur*, or, as he interprets, “Hope prompts the imagination, and imagination by its creations lifts and sustains the hope.” The palm-branch, with its motto, *Cæsar adest*, symbolizes the power of the ideal inspirations. As the mien and voice of a great commander, reappearing in the midst of his spent and flagging troops, reanimates and nerves them on to new conflict and victory, so does the ideal brought afresh to the view of “the militant thoughts.” “That sole presence, O, the remembrance of it gives them such renewal, that with a God’s rule and might they bear down all opposing power.” The oak is type of his constancy : —

“ Ancient oak, that spreadest thy branches to the air, and makest firm thy roots in earth, neither earthquake nor the fierce winds can e’er pluck thee from thy stable home ; — thou art a true picture of my faith, which sternest trials never shake. Thou, thyself of earth, dost evermore embrace, worship, and possess it. . . . I upon one sole object hold fixed my spirit, sense, and mind.”

His consciousness of the harsh fate that awaits him is singularly clear. Many of the scenes, and even of the minute incidents, that marked the close of his career, seem to have risen and passed before his mind's eye years previous to their occurrence. The hazardous venture into Italy, the swift seizure, the long, terrible imprisonment, the final procession and fiery martyrdom,—these are seen with fearful distinctness, and drawn with rigorous fidelity by that mystic pen. He stood prophetically present at his own execution, and partially removes for us that veil which the history of the time dared not to lift. A fly, attracted by the bright flame, gyrates towards it, and is burned. An eagle rises skyward, but is weighed down by a heavy clog fastened to his feet, and the motto is *Scinditur incertum*. A heady boy, tempted by the clear sky and unruffled sea, pushes out his frail bark, but suffers the penalty of his rashness in being overtaken by the gale, and exposed momentarily to be swallowed up of the devouring waves. A chill of horror creeps over him in the thought of the dire fate that impends; anxiously he casts about, for the instant asking himself, Must it be?—then yields unresisting to the inevitable. Significantly enough the sonnet closes: “Clear type of my ill-fortune is he, the thoughtless youth, that sportive committed himself to the unfriendly bosom.”\*

Again he sees a serpent writhing upon the ice, where he had been thrown by a peasant, and hard by, “with other minute incidents and circumstances,” a naked boy consuming in the flames. Each looks longingly towards the place of the other, but to neither is there possibility of change or escape. Moved with pity, as also affected by a sort of fellow-feeling in view of a creature so struggling in death-agonies upon the frozen element, perishing of a fate different, yet like

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\* This, he would have us think, is enigmatical even to himself, for adds the scholiast, “I am not sure that I understand, or can determine, the entire meaning here of *Il Furioso*.” It may be, hints the companion, that, looking beyond the outward and historic side, this has reference to the impotence of the human spirit, and typifies its “engulfment in the abyss of the incomprehensible excellence,” as the drop of water is swallowed up in the sea, or the little breath lost in the surrounding air.

his own, the boy addresses the reptile, his words fitful and broken, through his own dreadful agonies:—

“ Had the ice ear to hear thee, thou, voice to ask or answer, I think thou wouldest have effective plea to make it clement to thy torture. I in endless flame writhe, beat, burn, consume; and for my rescue, with my icy goddess neither love for me nor pity e'en finds place: alas! for she feels not how intense the fire of my burning.

“ Seek, serpent, to fly; thou canst nothing: try to recover thy hole; it is gone. Summon up thy forces; they are spent: look towards the sun; the dense cloud hides it: cry to the peasant for mercy; he hates thy fang: invoke Fortune; senseless, she hears thee not. Flight, place, strength, star or man or lot,—none is there to rescue thee from death. Thou congealest, I dissolve; I look amazed at thy cold, thou, at my heat; thou wouldest this ill, I, that desire; I cannot thee, nor thou me, deliver from pain. Now made aware sufficient of the dire fate, let us give up all hope.” \*

Elsewhere there seem references distinct and unmistakable, though deeply masked in symbolism, and interpreted apparently in different sense, to scenes of imprisonment and experiences of torture. He is in the midst of enemies, cruel, relentless, desperately intent upon reducing him, plying him with every expedient, now essaying with promises, and now bullying with threats. He cries to them all in God's name, Avaunt! “ Let them not think to turn his eyes from the dear sun which so delights him.” The merciless tormentor multiplies his inflictions, doing his utmost to break him with torture. Yet he assures him of the utter futility of all his attempts, the worse than waste of every expenditure. His heart has been pierced through and through, and there is no longer place for any new impression. He is preoccupied, filled with another presence, and therefore inaccessible to all approaches.

“ Volta, volta sicur or l' arco altrove!  
Non perder qua tue prove!  
. . . . . in vano, a torto  
Oltre tenti amazzar colui, ch' è morto.”

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\* “ This,” says the interpreter, “ seems to me more deeply enigmatic than any. I do not assume to explain it. . . . . I think it requires more extended and particular consideration.” “ Some other time,” replies the companion. “ Let us go, for on the road, if possible, we will see the solution of this involved matter.”

And finally, a poor desolated object, sheathed and scarred and maimed, appears upon a public way, moving with sure step to some appointed fate. Blind from having seen unearthly light, deaf and dumb too for the tones he has heard, he asks of the surging multitude around one indulgence,—an open path, an unobstructed road to death.

The book closes with the Song of the Illuminated. Nine youths deeply in love, haunted with irrepressible longings, yet smitten blind in an unguarded hour by hand of the witch Circe,\* go wandering over the world. Having at length journeyed through all the kingdoms, having traversed the entire domain of experience, and made proof of every form of trial, they are conducted to restored and greatly exalted vision, and perfect joy. A fair nymph, dwelling upon the banks of "noble Thames," prevails to open "the fatal vase," whose waters restore. The Universe is luminous now, all things flow into harmony, every veil is taken away, and the eye gazes upon Substance without impediment or limitation. Life is large, luscious, free in the Infinite Presence forever.

Such, in brief, is the *Heroici Furori*, a song of the soul, a celebration of the ideal love, of the majesty of an unconquered will, enduring all, achieving all, illustrating the Infinite in character, and rising into full inheritance of the Infinite Life. Much appears partial, as if written under harsh limitations, and therefore left of necessity in a fragmentary condition. Some portions seem confused, and hardly at all intelligible, all is strangely dilogistic, and the real import often not easy to take. Numerous marks within, especially the Dedication to Sir Philip Sidney, seem to fix its period during the sojourn in London, but other indications point later. The date upon the title-page is "Paris, 1585"; but in the old editions the type, paper, and form, experienced bibliographers affirm, show a Venetian imprint. Perhaps its writing was mainly in London or Paris, but the final publication with additions, whether from the author's hand or another's, at Venice.

Amid all that is juvenile and immature in these writings,

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\* "Circe, onniparente materia, la maga moltiforme ci confunde spesso e ci alletta car le varietà dei numeri, e le combinazioni diverse." — *La Ragione*, Tom. VI. p. 119.

there is everywhere the sobriety of earnest thought, free surrender of the spirit of truth, eagerness to receive in largest measure the celestial visions. Here is undoubtedly the especial characteristic, the emphatic merit of Bruno,— his spirituality, the vivid strength of his consciousness. With a clearness and emphasis not before approached in modern times, he affirmed the infinite world higher than the seen, more than experience. He affirmed it, not as an inference in logic, a conclusion of the understanding, but as the primal truth of consciousness. He affirmed it, not as a barren negation, mere antithesis of finite, but as a positive pregnant reality,— more real than aught beside, than any sight or sound, or the world itself, nay, the very essence and soul of all things.

Others had more or less positively averred this, often rather instinctively than consciously, from inward feeling more than intelligent conviction. All heroisms imply it, and the martyr's blood had all along attested the strength of the soul's faith. But Bruno first distinctly proclaimed it, making it the primal truth of consciousness, and attempted to know its significance. He saw it to be the final certitude whereon all things rest, the basis and groundwork of philosophy, the quarry whence all the conclusions of thought are to be mined out, the foundation of religion and the inspiration of life.

He did not live to draw out the applications in detail. He could only hint them, his period was so brief. Perhaps also the vision of light was too recent and overpowering with him. Some of the perceptions were but glimpses, and it remained for others to attain a riper view.

“At mihi sufficit rerum pro pondere lucem  
Adepere, et templum solidō ex adamante futurum,  
Erigere in seclum.”

His ambition was not doomed to disappointment. He heads a class, and from him dates a new epoch in the history of philosophy. Wide emancipations began, not yet completed. A new life was infused into the spirit of inquiry, and the succeeding ages were distinguished as none had ever been before, for the bold freedom and the significant issue of their speculations. The forgotten world of consciousness had been laid open anew, and it proved a continent rich in exhaustless ores.

The master-thinkers that appeared commenced working at the idealistic pole, seeking thence to educe that higher knowledge empiricism and dogmatism could never give. Descartes founded upon the innate ideas. Malebranche "saw all things in God," and Him immediate to the soul. Spinoza affirmed without qualification the world of substance, demonstrating through his masterly processes its sole existence, its sovereign, vital character. Leibnitz, though an ardent opponent of Spinozism, his mind tending to multiplicity, yet of deep unitary discernments, could not rest in the empiric statement. He held with the idealists, testifying to the positive nature of the soul, the preinscription of all the possible knowledges upon the tablet of its being, and its underived consciousness of the realm of substance. The influence of these ideas has been singularly pervasive and powerful. They have taken fast hold upon the mind of the age, have stirred afresh the blood of mankind, and initiated a revolution without parallel in history. Never before was such utterance, so broad and clear; never before such ready acceptance, such prompt application.

Bruno is first among the modern transcendental thinkers. He taught the teachers. He is the earliest apostle, as also a sainted martyr in that church. Marching in the van, he bears the first torch-light in that grand illuminating procession. All see clearer for his ray, all articulate plainer for his word. The debt of these thinkers to him it is not easy to compute. His presence appears constantly, and the traces of his thought are in every page from Descartes to Hegel.

But more than this, higher than any speculative service of whatever value rendered by Bruno to mankind, is his brave, manly life, his heroic death. Philosopher of the infinite, proclaiming the soul, the wealth of its privilege, the exhaustlessness of its powers, he sought to realize his thought in life, to incarnate it in character. The history, partial as it is, tells how well he succeeded. To the end it was a glorious march, every step a triumph. Here was the consummation of culture, the conquest of circumstance, repose in the inner verities of truth and being, untouched by any utmost severity of infliction and loss.

The trials he was called to endure were of no ordinary type. In point of intensity, of severe, unabated rigor, they have, perhaps, no parallel in the history of suffering. A lone, unfriended man, everywhere obnoxious, he was hated and hunted from country to country, no foot of "free soil" for him in all Europe, at length seized and immured, wasted by long confinement, and broken again and again with the most excruciating tortures;—shut out during those eight long years from the dear sunlight he loved so well, and seeing in all the time never a friend's face, hearing never a friend's voice,—only the hollow mockery of false lips,—kept moreover in a state of harrowing suspense, not a syllable broken to him of the nature of his fate, or the probable duration of his sufferings. No pen has drawn the record, the darkness of the dungeon shuts down upon it, the prisons at Rome are purposely without echo, and this history, like so much else of tragedy, must remain forever unwritten.

But we know the issue. There was such temper in this steel that no extremest heats could draw it. Dungeon and rack and impious breath were alike powerless to soil this purity or touch this virtue. Bruno came out as he went in, a true man, a loyal spirit, unreduced, nay, indefinitely enriched, invigorated, and exalted.

And the martyrdom seems a fit close to the career, a fit crown to so grand a life. There was no shrinking. Cheerfully that form,—pale, wasted, and broken, seeming too attenuated for human, the feet, scarcely touching the ground, the eyes glancing upward into the unbarred immensity,—issued from the dungeon's gate, and glided forth to meet the last infliction. Himself prophetically present in the scene, he gives us his word to the thronging multitude. "If of the infinite ill ye have dread, give me place, O people! guard you well of my consuming fire!" And again: "Open, open the way; in kindness spare this sightless, speechless face all harsh obstructions, ye dense multitude, while the form, toil-worn and drooping, goes knocking at the gates of less painful but of deeper death!"

Without fear or sorrow he placed himself against the stake, and accepted the fiery torture. In all the multitude of men

and women gathered that day about him, no friend's face beamed, no friend's voice spoke, to lift with cheer the heart of the dying martyr. All was hate and cursing. But not unused to solitudes, he was able to stand now in this deeper solitude, to walk this howling waste also, alone.

And after that they had no more that they could do. Flames could not quench this life, nor wild, exultant shouts, rending the air, drown this voice to silence. Higher and more than before it rises, sounding over the world, and mingling henceforth with the eternal. Bruno could in no other way have achieved such success. It was transcendent, sublime. The majesty of an unbroken will, a soul equal to its utmost occasion, rising superior to all considerations of condition, knowing only to walk with God, to do and endure for truth, virtue, mankind, laying down life freely at the hands of those it toils to save, its magnanimity exhaustless, its faithfulness invincible,—there is no such grandeur in nature, no like miracle in history.

It cost sacrifice. All greatness does. He stood at the opening of life, the full years yet before him. He had not yet wrought anything, had not uttered himself. All thus far written was only rudest hint of what he felt within him,—“preludes,” as he describes it, “of the piece, dim outlines and shadows of the picture, threads laid and arranged for the web.” He would fain have remained, so as in some sort to finish the work hardly yet begun. Plans peer out in these youthful writings of many things yet to be done, and far more entire and worthy than aught yet realized. “I purpose,” he says in the *Spaccio*, “yet to treat moral philosophy according to the inner light wherewith the divine sun of intelligence has illumined and does illumine me.” A little farther opportunity were a priceless privilege. Might he not have it? But great necessity called, and he was ready for the answer. Bowing manfully in resignation, he accepted the mandate, and retired from history.

Bruno died, be it remembered, by no extrinsic, outward necessity. The necessity was intrinsic, the requirement from within. Only eight days before the burning, he might have saved his life by recantation. But dear as was the gift, and

precious as seemed the advantage, he refused to purchase it at a price so fatal, and chose rather the stern alternative.

And the surprise was better than any fulfilment. He too was building greater than he knew. Whatever gift of speech had in his best hour been his,—and we are told he was an orator of singular range and power, perhaps no such voice in Europe,\*—Bruno was never so grandly eloquent, so resistlessly powerful, as now. The apostle of the soul, it was fit that he should utter also this testimony, should baptize his evangel in blood, and go up in the fire-chariot to heaven.

Nor may we say that this death befell too early, cutting off young life in its opening, and forbidding the promised performance. The mission of the visible is *intimation*. It cannot give more. Any life, though of the longest, is but a hint, the completest scripture only a fragment, a broken paragraph of the Universal Volume. This done, its errand is performed; it has completeness such as in any case is possible to history. Faces pass away, beaming but for an hour. We look, but can see them no more; yet the reality that there dwelt enshrined in symbol, abides untouched of death. Jesus likens his appearance among men to the lightning, which flashes from east to west for the instant, illumining the heavens with its splendors, then vanishes from the view forever. But that eye-glance, though but for a moment, was omnipotent with effect. It wrote with sunbeams, and touched the heart of all the generations. Bruno came, and remained for his hour, glistening with light, and filling the air with music. It availed for the purpose of destiny. He had made his sign-manual, had dropped his hint, and he also withdrew.

As a speculative *thinker*, Bruno may be known to but few. Perhaps the dialect is too rude, the things given many of them too initial and embryonic, for any considerable number ever to feel drawn to their study. But in *character*, which was the flowering of his thought, the consummation of his philosophy,—as *doer*, great in action and suffering, triumphant amid the utmost rigors of trial, unshaken and loyal to the last,—he speaks in a universal tongue, intelligible and im-

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\* *La Ragione*, Tom. VI. p. 297. Comp. Lewes's *Biog. Hist. Philos.*, p. 379 et seq.

pressive to all hearts. And as, age after age, men come more and more to draw from the sacraments of the past, gathering baptisms from all noble deeds, and bread of life from every heroic example,—so more and more shall they bless Heaven for the gift also of this soul, and for the high record of wisdom, loyalty, and love wrought out in this shrouded, but resplendent history.

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## ART. IV.—KING COAL AND KING COTTON.

1. *Transactions of the Association of Coal, Lime, and Ironstone Miners.*  
Leeds : Longmans.
2. *The Spectator*, (London,) August 6, 1864.
3. *The Times*, (London,) October 24, 1864.

OLD King Coal is scarcely the “merry old soul” that we knew him in our nursery days. He calls for something else besides his “pipe” and his “bowl”; and his “fiddlers three” no more find him in a mood to dance. The expenditure for education of £700,000 where a few years ago £70,000 only were spent,—the increase of the number of newspapers and periodicals from 40,000,000 to 550,000,000,—have set in operation forces that lay hold on that pit where the jolly old king, with his pipe and bowl, having no other than his brutehood’s horny eyes to see with, fancied himself really living upon and enjoying this beautiful planet. Nay more, a few years ago there was only Mrs. Browning to utter the plaint of Humanity for that child “who had never seen a flower”; but now the finest minds in Europe—the Ruskins, the Mills, the Hugheses, and others, of whom may England have more and more!—are laboring day and night to plant such flowers as hope and knowledge and faith in that fearful underworld which so many human beings must inhabit from cradle to grave, in order that England may have its railways, and dinners, and firesides. Socrates taught that all of us were only in the midst of our planet, not by any means on the outside of it,—a sort of human fishes down at the bottom of an

atmospheric sea, only liberated by Virtue and Death into the purer ether where holy souls dwell. But some of us live in cellars and pits beneath even the stratum given the race to dwell in ; and yet they have as firm a clutch upon the rank next above as these have upon the higher, so that the great procession goes forward still chanting :

“ Beneath this starry arch  
    Naught resteth or is still ;  
But all things hold their march,  
    As if by one great will :  
    Moves one, move all :  
    Hark to the foot-fall !  
        On, on, forever ! ”

England has just come through a Colliers' strike, the importance of which may be estimated by the fact that it was the greatest that had occurred for twenty years. Of course the colliers had to yield ; but it was not to the coal-owners, it was to starvation. Neither pride nor consciousness of a just cause are apt to stand long before the increasing pallor of the wife, and the child's cry for bread. Nevertheless, during the strike some ominous handwritings flamed out on the walls, which have not left the coal-owners, nor their class-brethren in other walks of trade, quite easy. People are sometimes conquered by their own victories. We are not about to discuss whether, in this particular strike, the pitmen or their lords were in the right ; but to note a few changes indicated during the progress of the affair. When the coal-owners informed the pitmen that a few pennies must be taken from their wages, they found not the submissive slaves they hoped to find, nor yet the rebellious slaves they would have preferred to what they did find : they found *reasoners*. By this we do not mean that they merely asked *Why*, but that they proved themselves formidable analyzers of that *Why* when it was given. These Staffordshire masters replied that, a diminution having taken place in the price of iron, Staffordshire could only maintain its trade by cheapening the manufacture of iron ; and, as coal was the most important article used in the manufacture, the reduction in the wages of the miners must take place. Then the colliers, instead of

breaking out into an old-fashioned riot, with which their masters know exactly how to deal, called a meeting; planted themselves upon the laws of political science; claimed that the reduction naturally would fall on the iron and not on the coal workmen; and argued their case before the English nation with such effect, that even the London Times, owned as it is by the class confronted by the pitmen, had to concede to the verdict of the intelligent, that they "would by no means express a decided opinion that the men have no right on their side." Another sign of importance was the spirit displayed by these men. Their enemies tried hard to show that the strike was disorderly; but with the exception of a few instances of violence which, in a movement of thousands, some few bad spirits are always able to commit, the best witnesses declare that the movement had even a religious aspect. The men met, and opened their consultations with singing progressive and fraternal songs. They then listened to their speakers, who spoke with eloquence and pathos, and in excellent English, so that the better classes, drawn by a real interest, began to appear on the edges of the gatherings. And one of these — a gentleman and a scholar — wrote concerning this intellectual part of the movement thus: "Turn over the files of the provincial papers in the days of riots in the northern districts in by-gone days; examine the fly-sheets, placards, ballads of those days; study the speeches of the orators who then led, or rather, I should say, stirred the men,— would such trash go down now? No! it would not take in the boy who oils the machinery of any workshop in the kingdom."

The upshot of the whole was, that the reflecting English people were impressed by these men, by their deportment and their reasonings; and their failure only added to the impression. They had held on to the strike long enough to sink the earnings of many previous weeks, but they had startled the nation with a conviction that what capital had built its fires upon as an island, was in fact a living and a powerful thing; that Labor had now a conscious brain and a heart; that under the wand of education the dark mines had suffered a mighty transformation, and become the dwelling of winged and immortal spirits aspiring to the light.

The perception and recognition of a pit-humanity was, of course, attended by an outburst of sympathy and sentiment. But there was another side. Coal is important,—the most important thing, say, in England. The men who worship a steam-engine, the men who love pleasant firesides, the ALL, who “would respect no God who should disregard a pound sterling,” had ears pledged to listen well to the remarks of the gentleman on the other side. Hawthorne tells the story of the chemist who tried to remove the birth-mark from his bride’s cheek; he removed it, indeed, but with it her life. Similarly, you may fix on the manifest, plain evil of any system, and be moved to eradicate it; but in nine cases out of ten you shall find that this birth-mark is secretly connected with the very heart and life of that system. Trade demands that laborers shall be trained for their special labor: as a race-horse is bred one way and a draught-horse another, so must the workmen be bred. You cannot point to a single miner of genius, or who spends his odd hours reading, who is not trying to get out of the mines himself, or certainly to manage to train his children for the outside world of air and sunlight. But if this goes on! What class of this outside world will ever consent to go into those depths? And if every pitman gets a knowledge of the upper world, the means of getting there and living there, will not the mines be depopulated? It is easy to say, “Hang the mines!”—but if some wintry morning one should find a fireless grate, or, wishing to get to his business, should find at the station a steamless engine, he would be inclined to have a deep sympathy with the poor forsaken coal-mines.

Fortunately for humanity, the coal-owners, recognizing that the birth-blotch represented the life of their system, have inclined to the straightforward and only means of defending it. What that is, the following facts will show.

Lord Lyttleton reports some of the coal-owners as having said

“that they disapproved of night schools; that the more a man was educated, the worse workman he was; that they should for the future decline to assist the working classes in any way; that education and the — penny papers had done all the mischief, and that public houses

were the proper places for workingmen to meet in ; that they should leave the working classes to themselves for the future ; that the more was done for the working classes, the more ungrateful they were ; that if education went much further, there would soon be no colliers to be had, and that the utmost a workingman should know was to read his Bible ; that education had filled the men's heads with all kinds of nonsense ; and that the best-educated men misled the others."

Lord Lyttleton further states : —

"The collier population generally have some grievances. Much will be found about them in a volume called *Transactions of the Association of Coal, Lime, and Ironstone Miners*, published at Leeds in November, 1863, (Longmans,) of which an abstract and review will be found in the *Spectator* of the 6th of August last. They are chiefly such as these : — the demoralizing employments still allowed to women ; imperfect ventilation and imperfect inspection of the pits ; want of proper provision for security ; and employment of boys too young and too ill-educated. It is certain that the better the men are educated, the more these grievances will be felt."

Another able writer on Education says of the sentiments quoted above as those of the coal-owners against the education of colliers : —

"I have no hesitation in saying that it is no more nor less than what has been the private talk of many masters in every kind of business for some years past ; nay, more, — that in all it implies, as against education and its result, it is the talk of a very large number of those who are masters and mistresses of domestic servants, or employers of labor in agricultural work. The real fact is, that the laborer has been quick to realize all that education has given him in the improvement of his reasoning power, in the capacity for the enjoyment of a higher nature than beer and skittles ; having gained more self-respect from the fact that his eyes are opened to what constitutes real respect for self, he has gradually emancipated himself from the condition of a mere animated tool, a digger, and hewer, and server, per force of muscle trained for the purpose, and has arrived at the conviction that, although he must dig, and hew, and serve, he may do this and yet become a thinking, reasoning workman, — something better than a mere tool after its kind."

We must give another extract from this writer.

"It is argued, if education goes much further, there will soon be no colliers to be had ; the best-educated men have their heads filled with

nonsense, and mislead others. Really, sir, this seems to me to be the opinion of men who, consistently with what they say, should argue that coal-pit work should be the work of savages ; it has a taste of the humanity that used to make little children act as trappers, and young girls, almost naked, draw on all fours the loaded barrows of coal up the dark, steep tunnels. We may next hear that black work should be done by black men ; but as we have no niggers, we must keep our coal-blacks to the nigger standard of intelligence."

Now the alternative of imprisoning these men, women, and children in a coal-pit, by bars of ignorance added to those of necessity, is simply *that the coal-owners shall make less*. Only let them consent that the miner shall be so compensated for his work that he can spend a good portion of his time above ground, and have the means of improving his own and his children's minds, and coal-mining would be no more repulsive than any other work. That is, every repulsive work must balance itself against others by some advantages. It is contrary to the very essence of economical law, that the most repulsive work should be also the most ill-paid ; and where the trade is so eminently lucrative as that of coal, it is sheer selfishness in the coal-lords, strong only because backed by the selfishness of society it represents, to diminish the pit-men's wages rather than their own gains. But why did they put a reduction consequent on the cheapening of iron on the coal instead of the iron workmen ? Simply because the pit-men were supposed to be comparatively ignorant of their rights under economic laws,—the iron-men living in less infernal regions. It is certainly conceivable that, to those lordly occupants of the fine castles crowning the heights around coal-pits, and to their fellow-capitalists at the West End in London, it should appear that the order of the universe could not endure if two per cent were taken from their incomes. But they must find that it is much more against the order of the universe that, under the subtile and all-penetrating rays of "the — penny papers," spirit after spirit should not cast its shell in those lower regions, and rise to the upper air. And their incomes will be reduced far more than two per cent, if they do not speedily so make the *wages* (*etymon, gauges*) of the pit-men the fair *measure of the kind of work* he does ; in which

case his descent will be really ascent, and the dark mine will be the foundation of a spirit's true mansion. Every occupation that shall last in England must have a wide hospitality: it must furnish "entertainment for man and beast," — not for beast alone, as many of them now do.

Might not King Coal, in his present graver mood, study well the grief to which King Cotton has come? He really seems inclined to do this. One writer, we have seen, anticipates the logical end of the coal-owner's position, and finds it to be that, as they have no blacks to do their black work, they "must keep their coal-blacks to the nigger standard of intelligence." The London Times of October 24, 1864, commenting upon the strike, sees that it is "of the nature of a civil war," and adds this curious and suggestive remark: "Precisely the same desolation which has been made so vivid to us by the American contest is inflicted upon hundreds of homes by such a struggle as is now going on in Staffordshire, and the worst sufferers in the contest are the operatives themselves." Different as the two kings seem to be, there are some essential points of resemblance between them and their histories, that may not be safely neglected in prognosticating the future of either of them. King Cotton, also, was a "merry old soul." Being an American Southerner, instead of an Englishman, he called for banjo instead of "fiddlers three," and he doubtless would have called for "pipe" and "bowl" if he had not been a black man with a very small probability of obtaining either. But with "banjo" and "corn-shuckings," songs and dances, King Cotton certainly was merry enough in the earlier years of his reign. Yet there came a time when his song and dance ceased, and he fell into a grave mood. What was the cause of this? They who represented King Cotton had no penny-press, nor was expenditure made by Congress for their education. The difficulty was just here: the world had insisted on revolving, despite the protest of King Cotton's cabinet, and had brought a republic close to his realm. This republic radiated such light and heat that there was no doubt the chains of King Cotton's subjects would soon be not only seen by those who bore them, but melted also. What was the remedy? To liberate, or to add more chains, — to make the

chains stronger and heavier. Then it was that "all smiles stopped together," and meeting-houses and hymns replaced the cry of "Clear the Kitchen," and the jolly dance. The stricter laws against the teaching a slave to read and write were the inevitable responses to the growth of the neighboring republican civilization. It was rightly charged, "The Abolitionists have increased the slave's hardship and multiplied his chains." How could they help it? Nevertheless, chains are never so near to breaking, it turns out, as when they are most galling. "When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes." The multiplication of chains that would not melt beneath republican rays became expensive, then difficult, then impossible,—except the limbs were too much loaded for King Cotton's work. Then in a frantic day the umbrellas lifted hitherto against the pelting rays were thrown aside, and the frantic champions of King Cotton attacked the sun itself.

What will be the result of a conflict between bullets and sun-strokes? Analyze the war in America, and it will be found to be the Humanity of the negro, rising against the denial of such intellectual, moral, and spiritual wages as were necessary for that Humanity's support. Before that Humanity had grown strong enough to recognize itself, the negro was contented, and so long a revolution was impossible. When that period came, Humanity's "strike" for higher spiritual wages, or against the cotton-lord's denial of them, became inevitable. And though this strike should be put down temporarily, it is to be chronic until the law that raised it is satisfied.

Now, what lesson can King Coal read in this chapter of the once brilliant Transatlantic monarch's history? Simply this: that any, the best system of one age may become—indeed, is likely to become—a flagrant wrong in the next. It can be demonstrated both historically and philosophically, that Slavery, which now scourges men, once blest them; that Slavery, which now sacrifices to cotton twenty-two years of the average life of a generation of negroes, once was a merciful interference between captives and death. Things will not rest as they are; and so, where interests are planted upon systems of labor, the changing of the conditions of which demand some temporary or normal diminution of these interests, there arises a con-

flict between the new conditions and the system. Of course the system refuses to yield ; but not to yield *no longer means remaining as things were before !* It means *stronger* bolts and bars,—*heavier* chains,—now that the terrible question has been asked. So the coal-owner must manage to smother that young family of moral and mental wants, which Education has borne him, and which inspire the new demand, or else furnish wages enough out of his own income to satisfy them all. To suffocate them by depriving them of the air they breathe, the Book ; or to drown them in the beer of those public houses,—“the proper place for workingmen to meet in,”—these are the dreary alternatives of giving the digging-machine, who has now become a pit-MAN, the wages that can sustain him as a man, though the coal-owner be no longer sustained as a money-lord.

It is certain that the present systems of labor in England can only be kept by the immense interests dependent upon them,—by the nearer and swifter approximation of the English laborer's condition to that of slavery. These capitalists will have to check the present rage for Parliamentary expenditure for education, and even in the end to restore the duty on paper, under which a newspaper cost a shilling ; and then they will have to check emigration, by which the miner and agricultural laborer shall find all other posts than those occupied by themselves and families overcrowded. The laws and regulations of England will have to show such a downward development as the slave codes of the South to-day show in comparison with those of the days of Washington and Jefferson. So often does progress take place through a series of reactions. So often must things get worse to grow better. But nothing can be surer than that, if Workingmen's Institutes and the cheap press continue, they will prove very different from Davy-lamps in the dark, damp abodes of the English laborer, and, in fact, will explode all the old systems.

“That Old Serpent” crawls on from age to age, in every land. At certain periods he is held fast in his cuticle, but manages to shed it, and people often hold up the shed skin in triumph (e. g. Louisiana) as the serpent itself. But *that* has gone on into a new skin,—and will be as fascinating and as

deadly as ever for a while. At last, perhaps, he is grasped too firmly to get off with merely giving his skin. We cannot yet say with certainty whether these shrivellings of the snake-skin in the kingdoms of Coal and of Cotton are ultimate or penultimate, but we do know that at last the heel of Humanity shall be upon the serpent's head.

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## ART. V.—OUR CONVICTS.

*Our Convicts.* By MARY CARPENTER. In two volumes. Vol. I.  
London : Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, and Green. 1864.

IN this great work, a large octavo of over three hundred pages, Miss Carpenter gives the world the fruit of her studies and practice in the fields of Reformatory and Prison Discipline. Without waiting for the appearance of her second volume, of which we have the highest expectations, we propose to notice the present publication, or rather to quote freely from it, in the hope of reaching those who may not have seen it.

In asking, “Who are ‘Our Convicts’?”—in answering, “They are a part of our society! they belong to ourselves,”—she gives the key-note to her whole work. They are subjects of the same great empire, they belong to the same British Isles, the same small centre whence must go forth laws, principles, examples, which will affect, for better or for worse, the whole world. An awful responsibility lies in the term, “*Our Convicts.*” They are men, women, and, alas! too often children, who were born and brought up among us. The legal sentence which makes us wish to separate them entirely from ourselves, only binds them closer to us. The law has placed them in our keeping. We cannot, *now they are proved guilty*, drive them from our shores. We have deprived them of the right to guide their own actions since that right has been abused; we subjugate their will, we confine them in our own country, and put them under such treatment as we consider

best for them and for society. We cannot, if we would, shake off the responsibility arising from this relationship. Besides, events of the last two years in Great Britain strongly emphasize this motive. Those crimes of violence, so multiplied of late in the British Isles, most formidably in the police reports of London itself, are mostly committed by British convicts,—subjects of the penal treatment of the realm, and, according to their sentence, still under the responsibility of convict directors. It has been found, that, instead of becoming better in convict prisons, they have become worse, more hardened, reckless, and experienced in crime. Regard for personal safety, therefore, as well as duty to society, demands a serious study of this matter. Public opinion must be brought to bear upon the government, so that a system may be altered, which, while so costly, is at once so unskilful and so mischievous.\*

The evidence laid before the Royal Commission, last year, or presented by witnesses before various Parliamentary Committees, furnishes Miss Carpenter with her information. Her aim is reformation, not merely restraint or punishment. A clear distinction must be made between those who may have been led by a sudden temptation or by peculiar circumstances to commit a crime which is followed by the legal sentence of penal servitude, and those who have been for many years living in known defiance of morality and law. Our treatment of convicts, and all our hopes of their future good, depend upon keeping this distinction well in view.

But, inquires Miss Carpenter, as she proceeds, How are our convicts made? We must gain some insight into the nature of the temptations and circumstances of their fall. This is true of all our convicts. How far is society, directly or indirectly, to blame in the matter? Here is a brief history of a criminal career, given by an old offender to his jail chaplain:—

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\* Miss Carpenter gives an estimate of the loss inflicted on the public by a family of sixteen pickpockets. Their ages were from fifteen to thirty years. Their career of vice was from two and a half to twenty years each, and their aggregate stealings were £ 25,000 sterling, or, adding £ 1,500 for prison maintenance, cost of prosecution, &c., £ 26,500, — more than \$ 130,000.

"I have been told a thousand times to go and get work, but it was never said to me during twenty years, in or out of prison, 'I'll give you work.' Hence I have cost the country some two thousand pounds, [ten thousand dollars!] and I expect to cost a great deal more yet. *I was sent to jail for two months when a boy for stealing a loaf of bread, and no one cared for me.* I tramped thousands of miles when I was a lad to get honest employment, in vain. I was tempted to steal. I stole. Imprisoned again, and again,—transported to Bermuda,—I learnt the trade of a thief, and I mean to follow it. I care neither for God nor man. The jail, confinement, the gallows, are all the same to me."

This is the history of thousands; and who is to blame? How was the boy "who would tramp, sore-footed, thousands of miles to get honest employment," transformed into a man who disbelieved humanity, scoffed at religion, gloried in his shame, and consequently defied all laws, divine and human? Born in poverty or misery,—reared in neglect and sin,—influenced in every evil way by low and vile associates,—corrupted by such books as the life of Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, and others, or such haunts of ruin and resorts of depraved or illicit enjoyment as are alone open to these classes,—how can multitudes of our fellow-beings escape becoming criminals? Has society no responsibility in the matter? Add to all these malign influences that of intoxication alone, and how fearfully, fatally, we seem to be forming and recruiting our criminal classes!

Now, upon what principles is our system of convict treatment to be based? Whatever may be the causes of their condition, however much or little they may morally themselves be to blame, the habitual inmates of our prisons are in absolute antagonism to society and law. Yet, hardened, reckless, self-indulgent, depraved, vulgar, ignorant of all good, skilful only in wickedness, they still possess an immortal nature, are still children of our Father, still members of the same human family with ourselves. We can trace their downward course,—how may our treatment of them assure us of their recall or their recovery? Their antagonism to society, their hostility to God and man, must be destroyed. No fear of punishment, no hope of advantage, can produce a change

of heart, or true penitence, and without this nothing is gained.

Now such a change, proved genuine and enduring by the future life, has been secured again and again. The moving spring in each instance was *some person of large and Christian heart*, who worked on principles founded in human nature and in God's laws, and who framed a system in harmony with these principles and laws, carrying it out with earnest purpose, and enlisting in it the hearts of all under him or around him, because it was true and good. Miss Carpenter quotes freely from a powerful paper read by Recorder Hill at the general meeting of the Law Amendment Society, January 12, 1863, and ordered to be printed. Her learned friend leaves it clear, that, the great object of *legal punishment* being to minimize crime, the end is to be attained,—

1. By deterring society and the individual from a further commission of crime ;—
2. By reformatory treatment, whereby the criminal will entirely alter his future life ;—
3. By "incapacitation," or preventing the criminal from ever injuring society again, either by death or by incarceration for life.

Miss Carpenter proceeds to bring forward some remarkable cases in which these combined principles have been successfully carried out by individuals in different parts of the world, and quite unconnected with one another. Her first illustration is the system pursued by Colonel Montesinos in the prison of Valencia in Spain, as furnished in a charge to the Grand Jury of Birmingham by Recorder Hill. Colonel Montesinos's skill consisted in urging his prisoners to self-reformation. He excited their industry, and allowed them a small portion of their earnings under due regulations. He enabled them to raise their position by perseverance in good conduct. Acquiring their confidence, he intrusted them with commissions beyond the prison walls, and relied on his moral influence to prevent desertion, and, finally, he discharged them before the expiration of their sentences when he was satisfied that they deserved it. His success was equal to his wisdom, zeal, and humanity. Relapses rarely occurred. During his

twenty years of service he never needed an armed force within the walls, nor over gangs of prisoners at work outside, often numbering four hundred. Plots or desertions were unknown inside or abroad. Under his administration annual recommitments fell from thirty-five to two per cent. He was made Inspector-General of all the prisons of Spain. But unwise legislation and the appointment of incompetent subordinates led him at last to retire from the field. His monument remains as he reared it.

The next triumph is that of Herr Von Obermaier in the prisons of Munich, as furnished in a letter from George Combe to the Illustrated News in 1854. Obermaier had charge of six hundred of the worst male convicts of Bavaria. A more unpromising set could not be imagined; yet there were no separate cells, no severe discipline, no paid superintendents, except a turnkey to each ward, whose station was outside the door, and who did not see into the apartment. The prisoners were collected in workshops. They were to oversee each other, sleep and live in the same groups in which they labored, eat in common, exercise in the yard together, and hardly appeared to be under any restraint but that of the external walls. They looked like men at work in a common factory. They did not break prison,—they obeyed cheerfully, remained contentedly, and labored diligently, with an air of mental composure truly extraordinary. Of course they differed in expression, but there was a moral calmness, and a soft moral and intellectual expression in those who had the best brains and *who had been the longest in prison*, which spoke unequivocally of the success of their treatment. The genius of one man accounts for it all,—the genius of a man competent for the great task of taming, guiding, instructing, training, and reforming the rudest and most brutal of his countrymen. His hold is on their hearts. Sympathy and humanity, firmness and kindness, are his instruments. A certain self-respect, self-restraint, is aroused in every convict's breast,—a certain public spirit, *esprit de corps*, is diffused among them all, in favor of obedience, steady conduct, propriety, and virtue even. Severity cannot affect this,—an enlightened, just, and tender spirit, emanating from the gov-

ernor and reaching through every individual in the prison, alone supplies the means. And all the elements, elsewhere supposed to be indispensable in prison discipline, are supplied by the mind and heart of a single man.

Another even more remarkable instance was worked out by the late Captain Machonochie at Norfolk Island. Let this remark by Recorder Hill precede it :—

"Here let me say, that the utmost care must be taken not to drive criminals, adjudged to undergo the longest sentences, into a state of desperation, by the withdrawal of all hope of alleviation. Perseverance in good conduct, unwearied industry, and perfection in mechanical arts useful to the establishment, might be made to entitle convicts thus distinguished to an improved condition, to more generous fare, and to privileges of various kinds, graduated by a discreet consideration of what may befit so exceptional a society. My experience has revealed to me the *impossibility* of working exclusively by coercion. You must not, by extremities, reduce to despair; you must improve the disposition and elevate the mind by rational encouragement, assured that kindness and discriminating mercy will beget suavity, and a grateful recognition evidenced by behavior."

Miss Carpenter quotes liberally from Captain Machonochie's pamphlets, published in 1839 and 1848 :—

"The example of severe suffering," says he, "consequent on conviction of crime, has not been found very effective in preventing its recurrence; and it seems probable that the example of *necessary reform*, or at least *sustained submission, and self-command through a fixed period of probation*, before obtaining release, would be practically more so." "With reform as the object of criminal administration, the better feelings of even the most abandoned criminals would from the beginning sympathize; whereas, when merely suffering and degradation are threatened and imposed, it is precisely these better feelings that, both first and last, are most revolted and injured by them."

*Reform, punishment for the past, training for the future,* are his three cardinal points. To his view, a prison was "a field for the exercise and cultivation of active *social virtues*, as well as for the habitual *voluntary restraint* of active social vices."

He arrived at his island in March, 1840, and found things worse than he expected. Fourteen hundred doubly con-

victed prisoners, the refuse of two penal colonies, were rigorously coerced all day, and cooped up at night in barracks which could not decently accommodate half that number. In every way their feelings were habitually outraged, and their self-respect destroyed. Their officers treated them with cruelty and contempt. For the merest trifles the convicts were flogged, ironed, or confined in jail for successive days on bread and water. Neither knives nor forks, hardly any other conveniences or necessaries, were allowed them. They tore their food with their fingers and teeth, and drank out of water-buckets, in the open air or in an open shed. The island had been fifteen years without a chapel, seven years without a chaplain. There were no schools, no books,—and the men's countenances faithfully reflected this treatment. A more demoniacal assemblage could not be imagined ; it was a most formidable sight. Yet three years afterward their great reformer had the pleasure of hearing Sir George Gipps say, “What made the men look so well ? I have seldom seen a better set,—*they are quite equal to new prisoners !*”

“I sought,” is his reply, “generally by every means to recover the men's self-respect, to gain their own wills towards their reform, to visit moral offences severely, but to reduce the number of those that were purely conventional, to mitigate the penalties attached to these, and thus gradually awaken better and more enlightened feelings among both officers and men. I built two churches, got a catechist to assist the chaplain, almost every Sunday during all my four years read the service myself, with a sermon, at some out-station, established schools, distributed books, gave prizes for assiduity, was unwearied in my counsels and exhortations wherever I went,—and went everywhere alone, showing confidence and winning it in return. I gave every industrious man a small garden. I encouraged those whom I camped out in the bush to rear pigs and poultry, thereby improving their ration, and, still more, infusing into them by the possession of property that instinctive respect for it which makes it safer in a community than any direct preservatives. I thus also interested my police, who were all prisoners, in the maintenance of order, their situations, which were much coveted, being made to depend on their success. I gave the messes knives, forks, a few cooking-utensils, tin pannekins, &c. I allowed the overseers, police, and first-class men to wear blue jackets and other articles of dress not portions of usual convict clothing ; and nothing contrib-

uted more than this to raise their spirits, revive their self-respect, and confirm their good purposes. . . . .

"My task was not really so difficult as it appeared. I was working *with* Nature, and not against her, as all other prison-systems do. I was endeavoring to cherish, and yet direct and regulate, those cravings for amelioration which almost all possess in some degree, and which are often strongest in those otherwise the most debased. I looked to my men for success, and I found it. Every one was saved, as far as I could save him, from unnecessary humiliation, and encouraged to look to his own steady efforts for ultimate liberation and improved position. This was the real secret."

Towards the end of her volume Miss Carpenter gives the story of one of the colonial convicts, in order to convey an idea of Captain Machonochie's difficulties and success. Charles Anderson, a poor, helpless, friendless orphan, was sent early in life to the workhouse. There he remained, untaught, uncared for, till he went to sea at nine years of age. Knocked and buffeted about through his apprenticeship to a collier, he joined a man-of-war, and was severely wounded in his head at Navarino. Ever afterwards irritation and drink brought on violent fits of excitement. Street-rows, sailor's fights, followed,—and poor Charles ere long, for shop-breaking, was transported for seven years. The deep degradation and galling character of his punishment, and the fact that he was unconscious of his crime from being in liquor at the time, filled the breast of the lad, now only eighteen years old, with the bitterest animosity. Utterly ignorant, mentally and morally, he had little idea of patient submission, if, indeed, his physical condition rendered it possible under any but the most gentle treatment. Violence only created violence. His floggings were innumerable, but, sturdy and stanch for good or evil, they were lost upon him. He would not submit to harshness, and kindness was never dreamt of. One hundred lashes at a time, irons for twelve months in addition to his original sentence, twelve hundred lashes for trivial offences,—all proved of no avail; and, as a last resort, he was chained to a rock in the harbor for two years, with barely a rag to cover him. He was fastened by his waist to the rock with a chain twenty-six feet long and with trumpet irons on his legs,

A hollow in the rock was his bed, and a wooden lid his only shelter, locked down upon him at night. His food was pushed to him upon a pole. None of his fellow-prisoners were allowed to approach or speak to him, under a penalty of one hundred lashes, which his former messmate received for giving him a piece of tobacco. Regarded as a wild beast, people passing in boats would throw him bread or biscuits. Exposed to all weathers, and without clothing on his back and shoulders, covered with sores and with maggots engendered in a hot climate, he was denied even water to bathe his wounds, and, when rain fell, he would lie and roll in it in agony! Forced next to labor in irons, on shore, carrying lime and salt upon this excoriated back, the human worm turned still, in spite, upon the heels that crushed him; he was sentenced at length to death, but was respite and sent to Norfolk Island to work in chains for life.

When Machonochie arrived to change the scene, Anderson was charged with ten violent assaults, three attempts to avoid labor, besides numerous instances of insolence and insubordination. He was only twenty-four, but looked as if forty years old. The Captain was told he was "cranky." The prisoners amused themselves with teasing him and making him vicious. This was at once forbidden. Casting about for any means of reclaiming the unhappy creature, now sunk so deep in wickedness, Machonochie gave him charge of some unruly bullocks. Many thought one side or the other would come to grief. Strict orders were given not to interfere with him. Very soon a marked improvement is apparent. Charles becomes less wild; he feels his own value; he is praised for his good conduct, for his management of his bullocks. He and they grow tamer together. He knows that high and strong tempers will not bend to the lash, and anxious watchers are amused by Anderson's just insight into criminal discipline. Cattle-training is succeeded by something more sailor-like, suggested by the Captain's fertile brain; the poor creature of the harbor rock is put in charge of a signal-station on the highest point of the island. His delight was full. Here was his hut, his garden patch, his flag-staff, his code and set of signals. Not a sail appeared on "the great and wide sea,"

but Anderson reported it to the whole settlement. His heart revelled in his plantation,— a new flower was the richest gift you could make him,— his potatoes were the best on the island, and it was his special pride to serve the Captain's dinner-table with an early freshly-dug basketful as the genial season rolled round. When Sir George Gipps visited the island, he met, in his rides, Anderson tripping along in his trim sailor-dress, full of importance, with his telescope under his arm. "What little smart fellow may that be?" asked he. "The man who was chained to the rock in Sydney harbor." "Bless my soul, you do not mean to say so!" was the astonished rejoinder. As he regained his self-respect, Anderson revealed a noble, generous heart, and a gay, sociable disposition. His excitability eventually became madness, and when his great benefactor was peremptorily removed from the scene of his glorious labors, Anderson was last seen by a friend of the Captain in a lunatic asylum. The poor fellow recognized his visitor, and spoke of nothing but Captain Machonochie and his family.

Our limits oblige us to close. We may improve a future opportunity to sketch Miss Carpenter's comparison of the English convict system with the three eminent examples upon which she dwells with so much satisfaction in the chapters of her present volume devoted to the aims and accomplishments of Montesinos, Obermaier, and Machonochie. And may we not hope to hail, at no very distant day, the appearance of some American treatise upon the convict system of our own country? The reformatory movement was inaugurated in the United States forty years ago. Our first Reform School was opened by Joseph Curtis, in New York city, and in his hands it was a model which has been rarely equalled, and never surpassed. The number of our reformatories is very large, and not a few of them are of the highest rank. Some competent observer and reporter, like Miss Carpenter or Recorder Hill, may arise to collect and concentrate the lights shed upon the great question of reformatory management, and upon prison discipline generally, in various portions of the Federal Union. Before the war two national conventions were held of the conductors and friends of our houses of ref-

ormation. And others will doubtless follow upon the return of peace. Their discussions, transactions, and publications, with the annual reports of the several reformatories, will form the basis eventually of some work, worthy, we trust, of a place with Miss Carpenter's volumes.

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#### ART. VI.—FIRST CYCLE OF THE HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

*History of New England during the Stuart Dynasty.* By JOHN G. PALFREY. In three volumes. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1859, 1860, 1864.

IT is not local pride only which speaks of the history of New England as an essential contribution to the history of free government throughout the world. There are few intelligent writers on social economy who have not had occasion to declare this, in one form or another;—and in the works of writers not well enough informed to refer to our experience here, or our institutions, we, to whom that history is often more familiar, are apt to think that we can show where better knowledge of us would have saved them from error. The forming period of this New England is described, in a thorough scientific study, in the three volumes which Dr. Palfrey has now completed. He describes in these three volumes the first of New England's cycles.

“The cycle of New England,” says he, “is eighty-six years. In the spring of 1603, the family of Stuart ascended the throne of England. At the end of eighty-six years, Massachusetts having been betrayed to her enemies by her most eminent and trusted citizen, Joseph Dudley, the people, on the 19th day of April, 1689, committed their prisoner, the deputy of the Stuart King, to the fort in Boston which he had built to overawe them. Another eighty-six years passed, and Massachusetts had been betrayed to her enemies by her most eminent and trusted citizen, Thomas Hutchinson, when, at Lexington and Concord, on the 19th of April, 1775, her farmers struck the first blow in the war of

American Independence. Another eighty-six years ensued, and a domination of slaveholders, more odious than that of Stuarts or of Guelphs, had been fastened upon her, when, on the 19th of April, 1861, the streets of Baltimore were stained by the blood of her soldiers on their way to uphold liberty and law by the rescue of the national capital."—Vol. III. p. viii.

The story of New England, from the time when Gosnold made his futile settlement on one of the islands to which last year Massachusetts gave his name, down to the popular revolution in which the people of Massachusetts sent their Governor to the Castle, is told with every picturesque illustration, with every careful comparison of surrounding history, and with the most laborious investigation of the original documents, in these three volumes.

It is the accurate comparison of English history, as it was passing in Old England, which, throughout this book, lifts the transactions it describes from the humble level of provincial or local annals, so that the reader feels that they deserve the name of history. With the dynasty of the Stuarts New England was born. Under what we once called "the Great Rebellion" it flourished. With the Restoration it pined. And when England, in one agony, threw off the Stuart family forever, New England, in a like agony, true to her origin and traditions, inaugurated at the same moment the independent revolution, in which, ignorant of events at home, she did the same thing.

Of the history which illustrates the life of the mother and the child through these periods, much must be the same. Historical names of the first importance are common to both. To find the clew to the policy pursued here, one must trace through the tangle of the intrigues of the Star Chamber, the Parliaments, and the Cabal. If England would now erect a monument to the sovereign whose policy did most to make her a first-class power in Europe, she would set up in Westminster Hall that statue to Oliver Cromwell which, thus far, she has refused to him. And if Massachusetts chose to erect, opposite Chantrey's Washington in her own Capitol, a statue to the man who best represents the principles out of which Massachusetts was born, she would erect it to this same Oliver

Cromwell. It might be well to do so,—with an inscription which should show how New England honors him,—and an intimation that, when Old England shall learn who her real heroes are, we will send this statue to take its fitting place among her sovereigns.

Local antiquarians, the several legislatures of the New England States, and different writers of care and scholarship, from Governor Winthrop down, have collected and preserved material for the American part of this history. But for its springs of movement, for many of its more secret causes, and for that unity and dignity which, as we have intimated, lifts the record from the range of chronicle to that of history, there was needed careful study of the unedited documents, as well as the public history, of England. This study Dr. Palfrey has made with great diligence in the stores of the State Paper Office, which England throws open so generously to all faithful students. Hence the wholly new illustration of a theme, which, when he announced it, may have been thought hackneyed by those who did not know it as well as he.

First of all, this book shows conclusively, as we believe, that, in the beginning, the men who made New England went to their work with the hope of an independent state. The Pilgrims, at Plymouth, probably thought of no other independence than the “independency” of their churches. To them and theirs we owe the word in our language. Of political independence they hoped for none, save such as their insignificance gave them. They were subjects of our dread lord James the First. But ten years helps us on fast in critical times. And when, in 1630, Laud and Strafford, and the other “Thorough” men,\* were working their own way,—when Charles had embarked on that system of reigning without Parliaments which lasted eleven years, “the state of England being by the usurpation of the bishops under great declinings,”—the emigrants who founded Massachusetts came with the determination to have as little as might be to do with the government at home. Yet their very exile affected that government. John Hull, who was among them, says that “their

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\* Hence, perhaps, our word *Tory*.

voluntary banishment and their writings from home awakened so many hearts, as that in few years the whole nation thought it was high time to think of a general reformation, and were willing to enter into a war, though such a formidable means yet, when no other way could gain the desired end." This is perhaps claiming too much for the reaction wrought by New England on the mother country. Yet Milton says, in 1641: "I shall believe there cannot be a more ill-boding sign to a nation — God turn the omen from us! — than when the inhabitants, to avoid insufferable grievances at home, are enforced by heaps to leave their native country."\* He urges this exile as one of the most terrible signs of the times. There can be no doubt that the reaction was very great. And when the English rebellion had well asserted itself, the emigration from New to Old England became larger than that into New England. Then the dream of independence faded away. The colonists of that time were willing to cultivate relations with Cromwell and Parliament, which they would not maintain with Charles or his Star Chamber.

A charming novelist makes James Otis say, in a supposed popular harangue, "It is true that in the beginning we aimed not at independence." There is no doubt that was the steadfast assertion of the Revolutionary patriots. Miss Francis was as accurate as Mrs. Child is apt to be in putting it into the mouth of James Otis. He and his friends believed it when they made it. But, in the light of to-day, we believe it will be conceded that "in the beginning" Massachusetts did hope for independence, whether she aimed at it or no. It was not till England showed herself competent to self-reform, that there grew up, on this side, any willingness to be more closely connected with her rulers.

We regard the complete establishment of this truth as the first essential ground gained in history by Dr. Palfrey's discussions. As he closes his first volume,—after describing the first union of the four New England Colonies in 1642, the year when Charles I. "flung his rebel banner to the breeze,"—he says:—

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\* Reformation in England, Book II, quoted by Dr. Palfrey, Vol. I. p. 557.

"The New England Colonies had taken their affairs into their own hands. By the counsels of brave men, and by the progress of events, a self-governing association of self-governing English commonwealths had been founded in America ; and the manifestation which they had just now made of confidence in themselves and in one another may well have had its place along with the sympathies which allied them to those who had come into power in the parent country, in preventing interference from abroad with the local administration." — Vol. I. p. 634.

The second point of great importance, illustrated in this history, is one which is not so gratifying to local vanity. It is a point which the poets of the second class, and other sentimentalists, never appreciate. It is a point which even students of history are slow to acknowledge, and it will only gain its full acknowledgment, after the world has tried democratic institutions, working under a Christian spirit, much more faithfully and persistently than it has yet done. This is the central truth, that a Christian people — with equal rights of education and of property — have intelligence enough to manage their own affairs wisely, with forethought, courage, and consistency, — to improve and enlarge their own institutions, — and, in general, to save the commonwealth under the help of God, — though they have no distinguished leaders.

The popular theory of democratic government still amounts to this : — that, if the democracy be well regulated, the very ablest men will somehow be brought into office ; that these men will then exhibit their aptitude for command, and will control the state and its affairs as well as if they had been born kings instead of becoming kings by election. Such a theory states sufficiently well the case of Pericles in Athens, of Hannibal in Carthage, of some Consuls in Rome. But it is not the true theory of a Christian democracy.

A Christian democracy, on the other hand, advances, lives, and works, not by the wit and power of certain leaders whom it elevates to the place of king, but by the wit, power, conscience, and long-suffering of the whole people. It may very often happen that, in its arrangements, merely average men have to discharge the public functions. But in the same ar-

rangements it is ordered,—first, that average men have better chances for culture and conscience than most princes have in other lands; second, that the determination, intelligence, and instinct of self-preservation of the whole body of the people give such a steady drift to the movement of the state in the true direction, that the weakest or the worst officer cannot wholly compromise it. Time becomes the ally of such a people. And therefore, at the end of a cycle of discussions which seem most petty,—of rivalries the most narrow,—of bigotry the most intense,—one looks a second time at their history, and finds that institutions have been established on the broadest footing, where there may never have been one man with cultivation enough or insight enough to state their law; one finds that the commonwealth has grown in physical power by accretions from without and by development from within, of which perhaps no observer can trace the progress or even cite the statistics; one finds a constitution of the state, and a living element in the church, which are recognized among the eternal principles of men's affairs, though no one man living under them can state in words the constitutional law, or the ecclesiastical creed. Social institutions, material greatness, political constitution, and church order, have all been attained in the separate petty discussions and experiments of men building better than they knew,—because, in his own sphere, each man was permitted to build as well as he knew how. “A headless democracy” stumbles towards victory,—and at last wins it,—without distinguished leaders.

This principle of a Christian democracy is illustrated in the most suggestive and the most valuable way in Dr. Palfrey's study of the first cycle of New England. The illustration is of especial value, because it is the study of so long an arc of the orbit. We have had many curious illustrations in single moments of agony. Thus the battle of Bunker Hill has some prominence in the world's history. Yet the annalists still discuss the question who was the republican commander there,—a question tantamount to the question whether there was any commander at all. It was a headless democracy which that day in its acts gave omen of the issue of the war. As for

the day of Lexington and Concord — when half the English army retreated twenty miles to rest under the guns of their fleet — there was not a general officer, if indeed there was a colonel, who exercised any command over the republicans. Such specific instances are familiar in all the histories of republics. But we know no instance as fine as this in these three volumes, of the success, amounting to triumphant victory, of a people left to themselves, in planting a wilderness, in organizing civil society, in establishing and maintaining government, and in acquiring all the forces of material, intellectual, and moral power, which, if well organized, make a strong commonwealth, — who did all this without the assistance or the suggestion of one leader, after the beginning, of distinction sufficient to rescue his name from oblivion.

We are willing to grant all that any intelligent critic will ask, as to the immense advantage gained by the Colonies, even in the beginning, from the steadiness, the purity, the unselfishness, the piety, and the wisdom of John Winthrop. We are willing to grant all that can be claimed with any reason for the influence of Milton, Cromwell, Eliot, and the other leaders in England, acting, at a distance, in New England. But here we have a right to say that those men failed at home, and that somebody succeeded here. After we have granted all this, the facts remain. In 1630 here were a few thousand people on the edge of the ocean, — in a climate severe beyond all their experience, on the edge of a territory which from that day to this day has not produced as much food as the State of Illinois would produce next summer, if it were needed. This people, with little more wealth than was represented in their fish-hooks, axes, and Bibles, had become in 1689 a commercial state, carrying on extensive, hazardous, but successful enterprises with all parts of the world. In 1630 their governments were in the embryo condition of quarterly meetings of the directors of a trading company. In 1689 they had a confederation of four states, each of which had its executive, its judiciary, and its legislature ; they were competent to their own defence against all savage and most European enemies, and in all the methods of civil order, as far as those methods are shown in legislation, and in the

proceedings of courts, they were in advance of all the rest of the world.

In matters of social order, the emigrants who in 1630 were building their hovels on the shore had in 1689 established, in advance of all mankind in modern days, a system of free schools for the education of all their children, a system of churches for the religious needs of their own people and for the conversion of the savages, and a college for the necessities of the schools and the churches. And all these advances had been made after such a series of experiments, that, although the matters discussed were often things of the most trifling detail, it becomes important now to every faithful student of the affairs of society, of the church, or of the state, to attend with minute care to the methods of those beginnings. Now all this progress, as we have said, is made without the assistance or the counsel of one man who has left a name in general history. Here is the value of the lesson.

We do not know that Dr. Palfrey himself will accept this view. He has done his duty by his several heroes most gallantly. It was his part to call them from the faded canvass, and make them live and breathe for us once more,—and, for the moment, he has done so. But, for all his success, we feel, still, that the men who step forward at his bidding were no better, indeed were no other, than the men who surrounded them. As we read, we get a conception of Leverett, of Phipps, or of the traitor Dudley. But it is with a distinct understanding that, but for a moment, neither they nor any other man were, in any sense, leaders of the state. And, however vivid the historian's picture, we know, as we study it, that he has been obliged to reproduce it where the tapestry was all faded on the wall. There is not a book written by a New England man in this first cycle which can claim a place in literature in our time, except as it contributes to the history of that time. There is not a poem, nor one verse of a ballad, there is not one philosophical discovery, there is not one axiom of government, which can be distinctly referred to one individual New-Englander of that day as its origin. Yet, as we have said, in those eighty-six years New England became a power in the world, and organized the in-

stitutions of government which contain the essential principles of modern democracy, which the whole world is obliged to study at this day.

To say this is not to say, that, in the long run, folly or mediocrity succeeds as well as wisdom. It is simply to say, that, in the long run, moral qualities have more to do with the welfare of states than intellectual qualities have. The men who made New England in her first cycle were men of courage, men of heart, men of real faith, men of endurance, and, in every sense, men very near to God. The ultimate analysis of the great problem of their success shows, not that the world drifts on to victory without any leader, but that God may be trusted to lead, where man really strives to open every way for communion with God, and in each child of God to give fair chance for each faculty to work its best, and to contribute to the common weal. Where the people are thus left free to work out the experiments of a human nature which is not depraved, God becomes again Ruler and King. Even out of their evil he brings good, and in the midst of their follies he works out wisdom. For we may borrow a figure here from Darwin's brilliant generalization. Give all the people their chance to try in their school districts, their town meetings, in their churches, and in their general court, all their experiments in social order, and the bad methods will fail,— by their mutual contradiction they destroy each other, or of their native weakness they die away. The good succeed,— are copied,— multiply themselves. From a township or a parish they pass upward into a state,— from a state they are proclaimed to the whole world. The law of selection illustrates itself,— as Dr. Darwin claims that it does in the generations of seeds and of animals. Which is to say that, because God is, all evil is transitory, and all good succeeds. Faith, hope, and love, in a statute or in a constitution, abide,— and that forever.

It is of course impossible to make an extract from Dr. Palfrey's book which shall show how completely the first cycle of New England illustrates this principle of Christian democracy. The principle is illustrated, not in one passage or two, but in the recondite analysis and delicate research into trans-

actions which would seem trifles to men less philosophical than he,—which, in fact, contained, folded up in their white leaflets, the essential germ of the great truths of modern political science.

In the conduct of the book which thus lifts New England's history into its fit place among the histories of the nations which have successfully wrought out new experiments of government, Dr. Palfrey removes many of the erroneous impressions which have, for different reasons, hung over the record heretofore. He disposes of some of them, as we may hope, finally. It is true that innuendoes are hard to kill, and a received prejudice lives long. Still a standard authority, like his book,—which not only announces principles in history, but proves their truth,—becomes, in time, the recognized magazine for facts, as well as the fountain of argument. For this reason only it eventually outlives prejudice and innuendo. The impression has at times been nearly universal, that the legislation of New England in the first century, and her systems of constitutional order, were a narrow ecclesiastical burlesque on Jewish institutions. This is one of the prejudices we speak of. The truth is, that the fortunes of the rising states were carried forward with a more rigorous adherence to the necessities of the living hour, and a more complete disregard to any precedents, sacred or profane, than the history of government ever showed before. Dr. Palfrey has shown this in the great critical points, and he has shown it equally well in those studies, which we are already tempted to call distinguished, of the manners and the interior life of the Colonies;—where he drags from the reluctant silence of our fathers their unwilling confessions of the way in which they really lived.

The whole study of the methods in which their religious zeal exhibited itself,—and, in the end, expanded itself,—is most interesting. Sometimes it is amusing,—sometimes it is grand. They came here, often sour, often bigoted, always at the explosive point,—because their rights of conscience, and still more their rights of theological expression, had been denied. Arriving here, they were free. The first impulse, of

course, was to explosion. We will declare everything! We will utter everything! And the congenial forests seemed to bid them declare and utter,—nay, even echoed the utterance, if it were loud enough. But no matter how loud or how extravagant, nobody forbade. Was it possible — alas! — that nobody cared?

The liberty of private prophesying was granted. To the great body of the elect, indeed, all liberty of speculation was granted. And almost from the beginning, therefore, controversy began to die out, from the want of somebody to controvert. The attacks on poor Mrs. Hutchinson and Roger Williams indicate the old leaven, just at the beginning. But here, in Williams's case, his exile was scarcely punishment, — and in Mrs. Hutchinson's, the fire burned out long before the fuel was gone. The truth was, that religious life began to find much more available spheres for exercise,—spheres much more worthy, too, than protest or controversy. These men had the world to subdue, as all men have;—and they had their work so put before them, that they could not fail to engage in it. As they engaged in it, and religion asserted itself in the active work of a new civilization, there grew up an indifference to the formulas of the Puritan days, which their clergy could not but observe. These came in the intensely practical method of looking at life, law, and society. No man can study the records of the Massachusetts, Connecticut, or Plymouth Colony without feeling this. In the midst of old formal expressions, there is a life wholly new.

The dying out of Puritan theological statement, and of merely ecclesiastical forms of work, may be ascribed, therefore, to two causes. First, there was no oppression, there was no controversy. A hospitable desert invited all, and permitted all to say what they chose. It was an illustration of Sydney Smith's principle, when he said the best thing to do with a Methodist minister was to ask him to dinner. Here these bellicose Puritans were,—in the luxury of freedom and a new world,—and with whom should they do battle? Besides this, the work before them absorbed their real activity, and gave full work to their religion. We cannot but express the hope that a like destiny awaits our liberal theology.

in America at this moment. It has the first and greatest of duties thrown open to it, in the pacification of the land. In introducing Christian arts, Christian books, Christian education, and Christian charities through the States but now desolated with war, it has the infinite duty of any true religious system offered to its most eager enterprise. We cannot but believe that that work will give to the whole Liberal Church new energy in proportion to the field; and that it will prove the end of the petty self-inspection, and hyper-critical analysis, to which liberal speculations tend, just as certainly as the most narrow systems do, when there is not a broad field for endeavor and action. The Fifth Monarchy man into whom the Puritan degenerated, when his day of work had done, was no whit more absurd than is the euphemist philosopher of to-day, counting the minims of his own pulse-beats, as he decides on the counter "attractions" offered him in his Brummagem gospel.

We copy Dr. Palfrey's own statement of the general characteristics of New England law in this cycle.

"The laws are such as presuppose on the part of the people a habit of respect for law, and a capacity for joint and for individual self-government. In their general character they suggest that, agreeably to the practice of English legislation in all times, they were dictated by necessities and occasions, and not by theories. Compared with other systems of the same period, they are on the whole humane; but on the other hand, as to methods and penalties, they have an exhaustive minuteness which expresses an absolute purpose not to be defied or evaded. The men who framed these laws had comprehensive notions of the rights and the obligations of a government. The opinion that the world is governed too much was by no means theirs. Their ideal was rather an authority residing indeed in the citizens collectively, but responsible for and vigorously controlling the individual citizen. Charged with the protection of the people, the law-maker meant to hold them back with a tenacious and a strong hand from harming themselves, and to compel them to keep their ranks for mutual defence. He had no scruples about demanding personal service or pecuniary sacrifice to any extent that the public well-being required. He intended to be just and beneficent, but at the same time, and for that purpose, he claimed universal, precise, and prompt obedience. And if such a government was absolute, still it was free; for

it was the people's government over themselves, and no pains were spared to give to each citizen his due weight in the common administration. The men of Charlestown had no privileges beyond those of the other towns of Massachusetts, when they pronounced themselves 'the most happy people that they knew of in the world.' — Vol. III. pp. 66, 67.

In this connection Dr. Palfrey gives an important opinion as to the supposed degeneracy of the second generation. We are desirous of copying it, because we believe it sets us right on a mooted point where we have at some times expressed another opinion.

"Their wise forecast proved adequate to the occasion in an admirable degree. It would be unsafe to argue from any documents of the time, or from any other evidence that touches the question, that the half-century which followed the immigration of Winthrop's company witnessed a sensible degeneracy under the unpropitious influence of the new circumstances of life. At no earlier time was government in New England more quietly or prosperously administered, than in the first twenty years that followed the restoration of the British monarchy. And as the laws of that period are the monument of a capacity for prudent legislation, so even in the luxury of learning there was no token of decay. The works of Mitchell, Oakes, and many other early pupils of Harvard College, are in our hands, and we find them not unworthy to be compared, for rich and scholarly rhetoric, with the writings of Chauncy, who came from a Professor's chair at Cambridge, or of Cotton, the light of the first Protestant foundation at that University. The Puritan Dean of Christ Church, the universally learned Owen, felt such assurance of finding congenial society in New England, that he would have emigrated but for the consideration of duties which seemed to require him at home." — Vol. III. pp. 69, 70.

With this brief allusion to the greatest principles illustrated in these interesting volumes we must leave them. There is no need of speaking of their accuracy,—which displays itself; there is no reason to look for passages to controvert, in the pride of criticism. The truth is, as it may be well to say, that the book passed through the stage of criticism before the author published it. It was his conscientious habit to print it first for private circulation, and then, intrusting to a few of the persons most familiar with our history the agreeable opportunity of reading it in advance of

the world, to ask for their doubts or objections regarding any of the statements of fact which had been made in the narrative. No writer needed such criticism so little as Dr. Palfrey. This is the very reason, indeed, why he chooses to court it and to make use of it. After these friendly critics had presented to him their lists of all the "queries" which their ingenuity or their special training could suggest, the author took his text again in hand, and, with the stimulus of these inquiries, examined again the authorities on which he had been working. The result, of course, of a system so diligent and so praiseworthy is, that the public's first edition may boast an accuracy, even in slight details, which a work of range so wide can seldom claim for many years after its first appearance.

The success of the three volumes bids us hope that the author will continue his work, and give us the narrative, needed no less than this, of the cycle — almost mysterious, so little do we know of its inner laws — between Andros's imprisonment and Lexington; — the cycle in which Cotton Mather lived and died, — in which Franklin was born, and fled New England, — in which were bred such men as Otis and the Adamses, — in which the race, whose only wars till now had been wars with savages, were trained in arms against the soldiers of France, and learned the arts which they were to employ in greater war; — the cycle of Whitefield's revolution, and of so much other change in the Church; — the cycle when wealth and luxury and cosmopolitan indifference came in. Who will tell us, so well as Dr. Palfrey, how out of the New England of that second cycle — the cycle of mystery — stepped forth the men who made the Independence of America?

## ART. VII.—THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

1. *The President's Message on the Peace Negotiation, presented to Congress February 10, 1865.*
2. *Army and Navy Journal.*

THE re-inauguration of President Lincoln is a fact somewhat noteworthy in itself, as the first instance of the sort in our history for thirty-two years; but is chiefly memorable for the contrast it shows, in all its circumstances, to the scene of four years ago. Secession had been sprung upon a public excited and incredulous, and had plunged the nation into the extreme of vacillation and doubt. It was the golden opportunity of the reckless and bold, the pitfall of the timid and weak. Hardly any price seemed too great to pay for that boon of peace which then first was seen seriously to be threatened. An unofficial "Conference" proposed to the nation the abandonment of all the ground in dispute with the South, and it seemed no impossible thing, to many not improbable, that this might in fact be done. Congress formally offered to the country a Constitutional Amendment, designed to insure slavery against any political attack thenceforth; and probably only the sudden movement of events prevented this pledge from being ratified. Every step of the President elect, as he moved towards the capital, was watched by conspirators, and was in the face of a well-understood plot of assassination. For the first time in the history of the government, a strong military guard was necessary to guard the peace of the capital, and protect the public ceremonial from violence. The public treasury was empty, and the public credit almost gone. And so little did the new administration know how far to depend on the temper of the people, that for more than a month the question was unsolved, whether it would not surrender to the mere menace of open rebellion, and let the nation perish by default.

Four years have changed all that. The President is commander-in-chief of an army of near a million men, and of a fleet of six or seven hundred vessels of war. The new Peace

Conference is held on board an armed ship in Hampton Roads, between commissioners who bring for signature "a blank sheet inscribed with the one word independence," and an Executive who informs them that the will of the nation will suffer no terms to be listened to which imply a division of its territory, that the question of slavery is laid finally on the shelf no more to be discussed, that absolute submission to the sovereignty and the laws of the nation is the only condition of peace that can be entertained. The Amendment now passed by Congress, and already ratified by seventeen States, is one disposing forever of the question in dispute, by forbidding "Slavery or involuntary servitude except for crime" throughout the limits of the United States. In the face of the frightful outlays of the last few months, the value of the government credit as compared with gold has steadily risen from one third to more than one half. And, as an index of the general will and temper, a popular loan is pouring funds into the hands of the government—now, at the opening of this fifth campaign—at a rate ranging from three to nine and a half millions of dollars in a day.

These few points of contrast help measure the prodigious advance made in these four years in the sentiment, the temper, and the spirit of our nationality. We do not think we have underrated, at any time, the importance of the immediate issue which brought this controversy to a head, or the momentous results to civilization, public morality, and republican freedom of a conflict on which the existence of human slavery was staked. But the controversy was one whose germ lay in the ambiguous wording and the hostile interpretations of our theory of government itself. It was inevitable that American Federalism should be put to this test. It was inevitable that, in the fulness of time, the question should be settled once for all, whether this "Union" is a Nation, or only an aggregate of independent States. The question of social justice and humanity involved in it has given a grandeur, depth, and passion to the struggle which it could not have had otherwise; it has been our glory and privilege that liberty has been the inspiration of this new and powerful sentiment of nationality. But the leading fact in the struggle has

been from the first that which the government itself has assumed,—that it was to vindicate the existence, the authority, the majesty of the nation, which had been assaulted and defied.

We shall not stay to inquire whether this sentiment—so pale, feeble, bloodless, though genuine and sincere in past years—could have been developed into the same vigor in any other way. Neither, with all our profound sense of its value, as we come hereafter to live out this nation's life and meet the problems of its future, shall we try to justify thereby the horror and the crime of war. There are some things which are quite beside any attempt of ours at justification. Human passion, error, wilfulness, antagonism,—that underlying lava-flood, beneath the structures of civility and law in which we abide,—we must be content to assume as ultimate facts. They meet us everywhere, as soon as we come to deal with human nature on a large scale, face to face. And the occasional outbreaks of them in furious strife and bloody collision—we fear that we must accept them, for the present, as inevitable facts. We have never considered ourselves called on to "justify" this present dreadful fact of civil war. We have considered that the government did right, in the main, in accepting the responsibility that was forced upon it, rather than suffer the nation to perish. Only traitors at heart and cowards in grain could have met that matter differently. But to us of the people—to us especially who stand outside the sphere of active politics—the war came as a solemn, an awful, an inevitable fact. The only question then was, how to meet it; how to guide the moral issues of it; how to interpret the questions it should raise; how to perform the duties it should bring; how to determine its place in the evolution of our national life.

Of these bearings of it, we are concerned at present with only one. And it is enough for us to say that, considering the diversities of latitude, region, population, temper, and social life,—considering the mere breadth of territory and variety in occupation and production,—considering the weakness and uncertainty of the federal bond, and the inevitable collisions of central and local power,—considering the hostile

interpretations of our form of government itself, resulting from hostile orders of society and differing eras and types of civilization upon our soil,—considering the mere fact of alien blood poured in such floods every year upon these shores, and mingling freely in the veins of so great and so ill-knit a body,—considering the mere tidal movements of population, surging restlessly over river-valley, mountain-chain, and rolling prairie,—considering these diverse and countless elements of which this people, if it is to be a people, must be made,—it is not easy to imagine a heat less fierce for the fusion of them, or a forge less terrible to mould and hammer them into one.

To tell how far and how well that work has been done, would be to tell the story of the war. It would be to repeat the illustrations the war has given — magnificent yet wearying from the mere weight and number of them—of heroic devotion, of fervent enthusiasm, of patience never weary and bounty never stinted. It would be to tell of the passionate, almost adoring loyalty to our flag, that splendid symbol of the nation's life and faith. It would be to repeat the story of battle-field and hospital, of ship and fort, of camp and home. It would be to speak of the prayers that have mingled in this struggle, the profoundly devout and serious temper in which it has been met, the noble tone of sympathy and cheer going from the heart of the family, and keeping the heart of the soldier strong. It would be to recount that astonishing patience under the bitterest pain, that resignation under the keenest loss, out of as purely religious sense of sacrifice as is ever seen in human things. It would be to recite the tale of that large liberality, which has flowed steadily, without stint or weariness, from every city, village, hamlet, of the land, and is streaming perhaps more copiously than ever at this hour. It would be to repeat those words of noble eloquence from lips still kindled and alive, or from lips scarce yet cold in death, which from the beginning of this struggle have been the interpreters to our people of the meaning, the duties, and the sure results of it. It would be, finally, to recite the acts of the government, acting in the name and by inspiration of the people, which has created out of nothing, as it were, the most complete and formidable equipment of

national force which, probably, any nation has ever brought to the dreadful uses of war.

But an illustration still more striking to the eye is seen in the actual position of the campaign, as compared with former aspects of the struggle ; the narrow and narrowing circle, outside of which the national authority is the only recognized strong and coherent force. It is but a little while ago that the government, finding itself suddenly challenged, and almost unarmed, began to muster its scanty forces ; and, by way of sketching a frontier which might perhaps be guarded, grouped a few regiments at Cairo, at Washington, at Fort Monroe, pushed its way through Baltimore, and planted its flag securely off the Bay of Pensacola. A year later, it had just crowded the Rebellion back from the line of the Ohio, recovered the mouth of the Mississippi, secured the Sea Islands, and occupied the waters of North Carolina. More than a year, still, before it definitely severed the forces of its adversary by holding all the great river-courses of the West ; and more than a year, again, before it could march its armies through the heart of Georgia, from the mountains to the sea. Now, the great campaign, so bewildering and all but hopeless at first from the mere scale of geographical magnitude on which it must be waged, is narrowed to the strip of country, perhaps three hundred miles in width, and five hundred in length, which reaches from the Savannah to the James. In all the rest of the "Confederate" territory there are but the smoking embers of the fires so lately fierce, — only guerilla plunderings and forays, that accursed progeny of war, which must be dealt with not by war with its vast armaments, but by peace with its code of law and its military police. The wide region west of the Mississippi, and eastward as far as the Alleghanies, is free from the presence of great contending armies. Both the powers at war have by common policy concentrated their forces within the space just indicated. The contest is narrowed within moderate and definite limits of space ; it must in all likelihood come to its decisive moment within narrow limits of time ; and it is not for us to question the result. But our business now is not to prognosticate, — only to state the fact, that outside the Carolinas and a small

portion of Virginia there is no longer any formidable power afoot which can dispute the authority of the nation ; only free-booting gangs to harry and torment the land, or strip it of its products for speculation in foreign ports.

If we now look at the political field, we find the questions at issue there narrowing in like manner to one or two cardinal points. As the President is reported to have said in his late interview (February 3) with the Richmond Commissioners, the question of slavery is disposed of, once for all, and cannot enter into any future negotiations between North and South. Maryland, West Virginia, Missouri, and (probably) Tennessee have by voluntary acts of unchallenged authority decreed its immediate abolition. Arkansas and Louisiana, in the State Constitutions claiming recognition, have also forbidden it. Kentucky and Delaware drift reluctantly, but helplessly, the same way. The Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery, adopted by Congress January 31, and hailed with such grateful testimonials as have greeted no public act of our generation, makes the question of the complete legal extinction of slavery on this continent merely a question of time ; sooner or later, the twenty-seven States required will give their assent ; sooner or later, its provisions will be embodied in public statute. The margin of fog and haze which has prevented a full accepting of the position is cleared up by the conference of Hampton Roads, which definitely informs the North that "independence" pure and simple is the demand of the Southern leaders, and definitely informs the South that this is precisely what will never be consented to. And now that the ground is so thoroughly cleared for action, both militarily and politically, it would seem that the final crisis of the conflict cannot be far off.

We do not claim the astonishing changes in the public mind as evidence of an extraordinary growth of genuine moral insight and Christian justice under the fierce stimulus of war. It is neither right nor safe to estimate the public virtue at a higher rate than it really is. Intense hatred of slavery, and very genuine hatred, is no doubt one of the growths of this bloody soil. Army and people, too, are fast learning many lessons of true humanity and universal justice. To see one

fact as it is, is a great help to the right seeing of other facts. To know slavery as the deadly enemy of the nation, greatly helps to see how all injustice is the enemy of man. But this fact, as we understand it, has been seen from the point of view of patriotic feeling, rather than that of abstract justice. If, unhappily, slavery, and not its abolition, had happened to be the principle coinciding with the national unity and life,—as ten years ago was taken for granted by almost everybody,—justice and humanity might have pleaded in vain, and we might have had all the atrocity of the war with little of its recompense. It might only have succeeded in enthroning a bloodier despotism and a darker guilt as the sovereign power on this continent. Happily, the enemies of the nation were also the enemies of liberty and humanity. Happily, in declaring war against our flag, they made that flag the symbol at once of freedom and equal right. Happily, in insuring the triumph of the nation, we shall insure the victory of principles which are at the heart of Christian civilization, and which will forever inspire and guide all ameliorations of society and law.

The vindication of a true and noble nationality, therefore, never had in it so confident hope and promise as now, when we are just entering on the second term of an administration committed to those principles, and sustained by the deliberate reaffirming of the people's will. It will almost inevitably be the case, that the great task of this second term will be the task of "reconstruction,"—the work of peace which must follow up and heal the wounds and ravages of war. Perhaps it is as well, even at this late day, that the government is not definitely committed to the principles and methods which it will adopt. The President is reported to have said that no system of reconstruction which does not recognize the new Constitution of Louisiana shall have his consent. Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee are the States understood to be ready waiting recognition and restoration. In Tennessee, the popular movement appears to be genuine and hearty, under responsible leaders, and on a scale broad enough to represent fairly the popular will. We do not dispute that it is so in the two others. At this distance the facts are very imperfectly known,

and are open to keen dispute. It has even been said, that the one great demand of political justice at this time is the rejection of the Louisiana Constitution,—as made under military authority and menace, as representing only a small portion of the real population, as giving the real power to a class mostly rebels at heart, while withholding it from the sincerest and most intelligent loyalists, the enfranchised blacks, whom it leaves subject to many of the wrongs and disabilities of slavery. The new Constitution of Arkansas is probably more genuine in the quality of the elements which make it up since the disloyal population of that State have been either drafted into armies or driven beyond the frontier; but what is left of loyal Arkansas is but a meagre remnant, thinly strewn in a few towns under military protection, absurdly few to represent the authority and political power of a free commonwealth. Yet the danger is perhaps quite as great the other way. The value of local liberties and self-government, the mischief and harm of a military system of provincial rule, are so apparent, that only the risk of admitting treacherous and evil counsels to the seat of national authority should prevent State governments in some form from being organized as early as possible. Looked at from this single view, undoubtedly the problems of reconstruction are among the knottiest that can come up to solve.

The truest and safest solution—if it could be looked at quite clear from prejudice—would unquestionably be, to commit political power to the entire mass of the loyal population at the South, as fast as it could be organized and made secure,—*to whites and blacks alike, and on the same conditions, as to property, intelligence, and morality.* Looked at as a matter of simple justice and expediency, nothing can be more clear than the wrong of dividing political privilege and trust by the lines of color and caste. By all the testimony that comes to us, the enfranchised blacks are not only the most trustily loyal part of the population, but are far superior in industry, intelligence, self-respect, and willingness to learn, to a very large portion of those white refugees whom the fortune of war has thrown upon our hands, and who will, with

hardly any question, have a share in any future distribution of power. Deplorably ignorant, incredibly insolent, incorrigibly idle and squalid, as the lowest class of poor whites in the South are known to be,—and submitting, many of them, sullenly and resentfully to a fate too strong for them,—they must yet be citizens of the free commonwealths of the future, to claim their share in controlling the policies of this great nation. The danger thus threatening will be held in check, no doubt, by the more loyal and intelligent classes already there, or who may emigrate into those rich but desolated fields. But, unquestionably, political prudence would require strict tests of fitness in a population to be reconstructed under such conditions. The easiest and the only honest test would be one that should regard *mere* fitness, and let all other considerations go. And, as we fear, our experience in the past offers no great present encouragement here. Free Maryland and free Missouri join with free Ohio and Illinois in inflicting disabilities of race and caste; and the right of defining its own constituency is surely one of the last to be withheld among the local immunities of States. But the protest of simple justice, however ineffectual for the present, ought to be heard. The question, if not settled presently by Congress, must be met ultimately in the States; and, for two strong points in it, we copy the admirable statement given in a late speech of Frederick Douglass:—

“If I were in a monarchical government, or an autocratic or aristocratic government, where the few bore rule and the many were subject, there would be no special stigma resting upon me because I did not exercise the elective franchise. It would do me no great violence. Mingling with the mass, I should partake of the strength of the mass; I should be supported by the mass, I should have the same incentives to endeavor with the mass of my fellow-men; it would be no particular burden, no particular deprivation. But here, where universal suffrage is the rule, where that is the fundamental idea of the government, to rule us out is to make us an exception, to brand us with the stigma of inferiority, and to invite to our heads the missiles of those about us. Therefore I want the franchise for the black man. . . . .

“What have you asked the black men of the South, the black men of the whole country, to do? Why, you have asked them to incur the

deadly enmity of their masters, in order to befriend you and befriend this government. You have asked us to call down; not only upon ourselves, but upon our children's children, the deadly hate of the entire Southern people. You have called upon us to turn our backs upon our masters, to abandon their cause and espouse yours; to turn against the South and in favor of the North; to shoot down the Confederacy and uphold the flag,—the American flag. You have called upon us to expose ourselves to all the subtle machinations of their malignity for all time. And now what do you propose to do when you come to make peace? To reward your enemies, and trample in the dust your friends? Do you intend to sacrifice the very men who have come to the rescue of your banner in the South, and incurred the lasting displeasure of their masters thereby? Do you intend to sacrifice them, and reward your enemies? Do you mean to give their enemies the right to vote, and take it away from your friends? Is that wise policy? Is that honorable? Could American honor withstand such a blow? I do not believe you will do it. I think you will see to it that we have the right to vote. . . . . When this nation was in trouble, in its early struggles, it looked upon the negro as a citizen. In 1776, he was a citizen. At the time of the formation of the Constitution, the negro had the right to vote in eleven States out of the old thirteen. In your trouble you have made us citizens. In 1812, General Jackson addressed us as citizens, 'fellow-citizens.' He wanted us to fight. We were citizens then! And now, when you come to frame a conscription bill, the negro is a citizen again. He has been a citizen just three times in the history of this government, and it has always been in time of trouble. In time of trouble we are citizens. Shall we be citizens in war, and aliens in peace? Would that be just?"

With this one strong word on the course of absolute justice, which we believe to be the course of prudence and safety as well, we take leave of a matter which must be left, after all, to the shaping of events. Ultimately, we think, events will prove to be working in the direction of liberty and right. When we take the measure of the advance made in the four years past, no gain of justice seems hopeless to look for in the future. Thirty months ago, the question was pending doubtfully, whether negroes should be admitted to serve as soldiers, to defend the nation's honor and fight under its flag. Now not only that question has been answered in some of the most heroic achievements of the war,—not only the

government at Richmond is hazarding, under angry and terrified protests,\* that last card in the desperate game, of the enlistment of negro troops on a large scale,—but men of the race so long outlawed and oppressed are fast coming to take positions of honor and credit, with scarce any bar of jealousy to hinder them. Frederick Douglass is welcomed to Baltimore by the very man he fled from as a slave, more than twenty years ago, and repeats, there and in Washington, his singularly telling eloquence. Within these two months a negro lawyer has been admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court, and a negro preacher has discoursed of slavery in the Capitol. These are the high-water marks, so far, of that social revolution which is following up the steps of war. And to the forces whose drift is shown by such waymarks as these, we must confide the settlement of the great questions of abstract justice, only imploring our legislators to take good heed of them.†

Meanwhile, the fact of peace must be settled by the act of war. The field of it is steadily narrowing; the fury of it, as both sides now anticipate, will be concentrated mainly in one great, decisive blow. The loss of Savannah (December 21), Columbia and Charleston (February 17, 18), and Wilmington (February 22), slowly pushes back the strength of the rebellion upon its citadel and heart at Richmond. That grand flank movement of our armies, commencing on the left wing at the Rapidan, and on the right at Chattanooga, has swept in the resisting forces, along that arc of a thousand miles, till the debatable ground seems easy to embrace in the average calculations of military engineering. And the highest official judgment is reported to have promised the definite result, provided

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\* See, especially, the late speech of Mr. Gholson, of Virginia, in the Rebel Congress. The Charleston Mercury says: "South Carolina entered into this struggle for no other purpose than to maintain the institution of slavery. Southern independence has no other object or meaning. Independence and slavery must stand or fall together."

† The terms of reconstruction in Tennessee, now under consideration by Congress, include the three following:—1. That no person shall be allowed to vote who has held a Confederate military office higher than that of colonel, or a civil office unless purely ministerial; 2. That slavery shall be forever prohibited; 3. That no State or Confederate debt, created under the action of the usurping power, shall be recognized or paid by the State, and no Rebel law of confiscation shall be binding.

the material of war is not lacking, in the course of the opening spring campaign. And if we look to see in what spirit that campaign is met by the South, we find it in such declarations as the following, from the Raleigh Whig:—

“In the purest spirit of patriotism, in the highest love for the South and all her cherished institutions,—her brave, courageous, self-sacrificing people,—*we affirm that it is worse than madness for us to continue the one-sided conflict.* The spirit of our people is broken under a succession of disastrous defeats; the Yankees are flushed with brilliant and flashing victories; we have lost the sea-coast; Sherman and Thomas menace the interior, and Grant holds in his vice-like grasp the only effective army in the Confederacy. Anything,—peace, honorable or dishonorable, with or without slavery,—the old Union,—anything under Heaven is preferable to the utter, irretrievable ruin now awaiting us.”

As to the *temper* of the coming reconstruction, as testified at the North, it is, as we have always claimed, glad and generous and only too confiding. When was there ever such a token of public confidence to be recorded, as the serious proposal lately made among responsible business men, to pay off the vast national debt by subscription, as a good business investment, to relieve the burden on the future? When was such welcome given to rescued city or conquered province, as the spirit in which General Sherman’s “Christmas gift” of Savannah to the nation was received, and the spontaneous flow of bounty from our Northern ports? When before was it the first act of the forces occupying a city won by a weary siege,—as of ours just now in Charleston,—to rescue the miserable population from the terror, and the buildings from the flames, to which they had been doomed by their defenders? This absolute confidence in the good feeling subsisting at bottom, through all the storm of war,—this cheerful reliance on the elements of a common nationality, to be found at the heart of the population, both North and South,—has never once been shaken through these years of contest. It was the privilege of Edward Everett to close his fifty years of splendid service to this nation by the noble utterance of that sentiment, with which we conclude:—

“While we subdue the armies which a merciless conscription of old

and young drives to the field, and maintain a cordon of iron and fire around the shores of persistent rebellion, from the moment a desire is manifested on the part of the masses to acknowledge the authority of the government, let us hasten to extend to them the right hand of Christian love, to supply their wants and to relieve their sufferings, and to mark their return to the Union by the return of a prosperity to which, by the selfish and cruel ambition of their leaders, they have so long been strangers."

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### ART. VIII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

#### THEOLOGY.

THE article on the Paulist Fathers, in our January number, would lead readers to expect something in their sermons different from the usual style of Catholic discourse. In the new volume, for the year 1864,\* there are several things remarkable. It is issued by a Protestant publisher. Three quarters of the twenty-six sermons might be preached in a Protestant pulpit, in a Unitarian pulpit even, with no suspicion of their Catholic origin. In one discourse we learn that "heaven" is *not a place*; in another, that the Scriptural description of hell torment is only "figurative"; in another, Jesus is called our "elder brother"; in another, we learn that there are good Christians who are *not* in the Catholic Church,—yet who are *saved*; in another, that *conversion* may come *more than once*; in another, that the only damning sin is *voluntary* and conscious sin. It is pleasant to read (on p. 14), that those who do not find heaven where they are, in their daily business, have a poor chance of reaching it at all; though it is not so pleasant to know (p. 105) that the paradise of infants is in the "lowest corner of heaven, farthest from the throne of God." In simplicity, clearness, and grace of style, in purity, vigor, and freshness of thought, and in aptness of illustration, these sermons are among the best specimens of pulpit addresses that we have lately seen. The weakest among them are the four or five that are specially Catholic, and undertake to explain Catholic dogmas and customs.

THE new Life of Jesus, by Strauss,† of which the accurate French translation is more easy and pleasant to read than the hard original, is declared in the Preface to be a wholly new work, prepared not for scholars, but "for the German people,"—*für das Deutsche Volk bearbeitet*. Yet, after all, though the form is somewhat changed, and the

\* Sermons preached at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York, during the Year 1864. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1865. 12mo. pp 404.

† D. F. STRAUSS. Nouvelle Vie de Jésus. Traduite de l'Allemand, par A. NEFFTZER et CH. DOLLFUS. Paris. 1864. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. xviii., 425, 428.

style is somewhat popularized, it is only the old work in a new dress. The theory is the theory of the former work, that the Evangelical histories are collections of myths,—of legend and fable, laid more or less thickly upon a very thin fabric of fact, which can hardly be discovered beneath the covering. The tone is that same cold tone of the scientific critic, who does not care what comes of his criticism, what feelings it wounds, what faith it destroys, what inferences are drawn from it. Again, the facts in the life of Jesus, his miracles, his parables, all the scenes in which he appears, pass before us only to reveal the way of their invention, and to lose reality. This new Life of Jesus, like the former, is a chilling and cheerless book. It lacks the warmth, the glow, the human interest, that carries us along in the brilliant romance which Renan calls the Life of Jesus. With all its subtlety, with all its sincerity, with all its learning, it is a painful and desolate book to read. And yet it is certainly an interesting and valuable book. Its plan is scientific. We have first an Introduction, critical and historical; then a sketch of the life of Jesus; and, finally, an elaborate discussion of the origin, growth, and purpose of the mythical stories, from the Genealogies to the Ascension, arranged in orderly groups. The Introduction, too, is in three parts. The first of these states and criticises (on the whole with fairness) the several modern theories of the life of Jesus, from a hundred years ago to the late works of Schenkel and Renan. The theories of Herder, Paulus, Schleiermacher, Hase, Neander, Elvard, Weisse, and Ewald, besides Strauss's own former work, pass under review. In speaking of these writers, particularly of Ewald, Strauss is not particular about his tone, which is often petulant and abusive. Yet he does not misrepresent the views of the men whom he berates. This review of other lives of Jesus, and sketch of the progress of thought upon the subject, is one of the new and one of the agreeable features of Strauss's work. It gives a good deal of information in a small compass.

The second part of the Introduction discusses the four Gospels, how far they are to be trusted, what are their relations to each other, the external and the internal evidence of their genuineness. The conclusion of this survey is, that no one of them is genuine, and no one authentic; that they are none of them by eyewitnesses of the facts which they relate; and that the names which they bear are not the names of their authors, in any instance. Strauss agrees with Mr. L. A. Sawyer in finding another sense than the one usually received in the preposition *κατά*, *according to*, in the titles of the Gospels. It seems to him that this implies that the nominal Evangelists were *not* the actual authors of the books. All the Gospels, he thinks, were compiled not earlier than the second century, and compiled with a more or less distinct dogmatic purpose. Their relative worth he does not pronounce upon very decidedly, though on the whole he seems to find the order of their place in the canon the order of their probable importance. John's Gospel is certainly the least trustworthy, and gives really no correct idea of Jesus, either of what he said or of what he did. Strauss's discussion of this subject seems to us to be by no means

thorough or candid. It is a special plea more than an honest investigation.

The third part of the Introduction states distinctly the "Principles" of the work, what it denies and what it affirms. And these "principles" change the work from a purely scientific to a semi-dogmatic work. They are, first, that, all miracle being impossible, all stories of miracle are necessarily false; and, second, that myth is to be presumed in all cases where there is contradiction between the narratives, or where any plausible account can be given of their fabulous origin. On the principles of Strauss, it is not necessary to find any reality in the Gospel narratives. The veracious history which they contain does not give them any greater value. The myths are worth just as much as the facts, just as much for the faith of the believer and for the history of the Christian Church. In giving an "historical sketch" of the life of Jesus at all, Strauss only condescends to a popular prejudice.

And this makes the "historical sketch" which he gives the most meagre and unsatisfactory portion of his work. It fills only one quarter of the book, and, if the critical and destructive portion of this were excluded, would fill hardly more than a *tenth* of the book. It utterly fails to give any distinct portrait of Jesus. It has rather the effect of putting the man Jesus out of sight. Renan substitutes another Jesus for the Jesus of the Gospels, but nevertheless brings his Jesus out very distinctly. Strauss only shows that the figure which the Gospel narratives give is impossible as an actual man.

The third part of the work is only a reproduction of the former history, in which ingenious analogies, far-fetched likenesses from Hebrew and Pagan history, are brought to show how the fictions of the Gospels *might* have arisen, and therefore did arise. The argument is too ingenious to be convincing. In some particulars it is plausible; but the universal application which Strauss makes of his mythical theory brings the whole of it into suspicion. The conclusion is anything but comfortable. Very few, we imagine, will agree to the statement of this writer, that Socrates, in the narratives of Xenophon and Plato, is a more living personage than Jesus in the records of the four Evangelists. The honor to the Man of Nazareth is doled out most grudgingly. All that Strauss allows of the man Jesus is, that he uttered probably some valuable maxims for individual morality and conduct. He did nothing for the *political* or industrial interests of the world, or for the welfare of the *family*.

#### *The Renan Controversy in France.*

THE war of pamphlets in France, stirred by the publication of Renan's "Life of Jesus," and already counting its several scores of publications, is so curious a chapter in the history of opinion that it deserves a careful study by itself. We have been disappointed, hitherto, in obtaining materials for such a sketch of it as we had wished. Meanwhile, and by way of introduction to some further criticisms on the work itself, which we hope to give in May, we will illustrate the controversy by a brief examination of three of the more important publications

in it,—one from the point of view of a modified advocacy, one from that of pure scientific criticism, and one from that of a religious and enlightened liberalism.

## I.

In the first which we shall mention,\* M. Haret professes not to address those fixed in the orthodox beliefs. All he can do is to put his conscience against theirs, and to claim the right which they claim, of holding the opinion which seems to him true, and of publishing what he believes profitable to be read. But he does address those — a large number — who think the agitation of such matters unsafe, or a bad example, or in ill taste. Let them take the honest course, either rank themselves frankly with orthodoxy, or not complain at free discussion.

Renan's book could hardly be more praised than by M. Haret; and, on the whole, the praise is given for what in the book is admirable. No one can have a higher opinion of Renan's qualifications for the work, whether as scholar or artist or writer. He plainly has a great liking, a personal affection, for the man. He esteems the *Vie de Jésus* as one of those books which fill a need so exactly, that one wonders at their not appearing sooner. One man might have written the Life of Jesus, i. e. Pascal. He had the eloquence, imagination, genius, for it. But he died at the age of thirty-nine. Voltaire, in the article "Religion," in his Dictionary, gives a hint that he was not so wholly a railer that he did not appreciate something of the true place and character of Jesus. He had the free thinking for the work, but not the genius. D'Holbach's criticism of the Gospels was polemic, not historical. Strauss's book is not a biography so much as a criticism of the evidence. And Salvador's "Jesus Christ and His Doctrines," being written by a Jew, is not a book outside of all dogma and of every church, as the Life of Jesus ought to be. Lamennais might have done it, as is shown by his Translation of the Gospels, and his notes, except that at the time he did that promising book he was close upon seventy-one. Thus the way was left open to M. Renan. And in this finished philologer and Orientalist, this intellect at once learned, forceful, and poetic, this long sojourner in the places where the life of Jesus fell, is found the trusty writer of the story of it.

The first part of M. Haret's book is taken up with the consideration of what M. Renan has accomplished in bringing out the figure of Jesus in a lifelike way and with consummate skill and truthfulness. In closing this part he says: —

"I like, then, in the book of M. Renan, equally the philosophic largeness of the thought, the sagacity which penetrates the past, the imagination and the style which makes it live again, the soul in it which is itself moved and moves us, and, lastly, the generous freedom which places itself above false scruples, and boldly accomplishes good by truth."

In the second part, Haret brings forward objections to certain details in the *Vie de Jésus*, where criticism is not applied firmly and severely

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\* *Jésus dans l'Histoire : Examen de la Vie de Jésus*, par M. RENAN. Par ERNEST HARET. Paris. (First published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes.")

enough. Learned and bold as the book is, he finds certain *placebos* in it, certain "compliant suppositions," which suppose too much for a strict historical treatment. That Haret is destructive enough appears in this: "I think that not only Jesus wrote nothing, but that the companions of Jesus wrote nothing; that therefore no Gospel and no portion of a Gospel is authentic, and that there is no authentic writing in what is called the New Testament, save the letters of Saint Paul." No wonder, then, that Renan seems to him indecisive and shifting in his use of the documents, and is blamed by him for using the ideal Jesus sometimes in his picture, instead of simply bringing out all — the little — that can be reproduced of the historical person.

## II.

Colani \* thinks himself fortunate in taking up the work after the noisy declamation against M. Renan is over, and after the excessive enthusiasm is calmed which was excited by the boldness of the enterprise. He proposes to consider the *Vie de Jésus* from the point of view of cold and impartial science. And he does it, bringing to the work a most careful, calm, and searching criticism, armed and equipped with an admirable knowledge of all the points at issue between the Gospels and their historical critics, and of all that has been said for destruction and construction. He gives Renan's incertitudes and inconsistencies and arbitrary dealing with the documents a thorough sifting.

He considers, first, his historic method, second, his principal result.

Under the first head, he criticises, with great clearness, Renan's use of the fourth Gospel as if it were the work, to all intents, of an eyewitness. As to Renan's explanation of the raising of Lazarus: "He has shocked the religious feeling and even the moral sentiment of his readers, simply because he believes in the authenticity of the fourth Gospel." With great keenness he shows up many a contradiction, indicating a method but little sure of itself. He shows the arbitrariness with which Renan uses and refuses facts, — especially in his treatment of the accounts of the "Supper." Giving him the right of artistic, imaginative divination, he blames him for substituting invention, once again.

He shows — in respect to the fourth Gospel — that Renan declares for its *relative* authenticity: again, in comparing John with the Synoptics, he seems to trust *entirely* to the credibility of it: still again, he makes no more account of John's narrative than the school of Baur. "His scientific process has a certain something shifting, intangible, inconsistent, about it, a mistiness hardly to be expected after the rude criticism of Strauss." Considering the vital differences between the Synoptics and John, the writer of a Life of Jesus ought at first to take a side which shall show its influence throughout his work. M. Renan has not done this.

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\* Examen de la *Vie de Jésus*, de M. Renan. Par T. COLANI. (Extrait de la "Revue de Théologie.") Strasbourg.

Colani is especially severe on Renan's two epochs in the life of Jesus; — the one, the Galilean, joyous, ideal; the other, the Jerusalem, sombre, polemic; — and upon Renan's fancy that Jesus was one thing before John the Baptist's influence, and another thing after it. He shows it to be by an arbitrary dealing with the documents, and by the foregone conclusion of a theory, that Renan finds Jesus not at once, but successively, the gentle comforter of the sorrowful and the bold accuser of hypocrites. "He breaks the living unity which tempers and solves the contrasts of this mighty life, and makes of the tenderness and zeal of Jesus, not two qualities, but two epochs."

The framework of Renan's book is neither that of the Synoptics, nor that of John. His periods of the development of Jesus are not sustained by a single trace in either Gospel. This framework is pure invention both as to facts and as to dates; which seems passably severe in M. Colani, but he shows good reason in the penetration and skill of his criticism, backed by that knowledge of the Gospels, and of the *pro* and *con* of the critical controversy, which marks all the Strasburg school.

In Part Second Colani asks what portrait Renan has painted, using the Gospels in this manner. The portrait is faulty: especially in this, that Renan attributes to Jesus the notions and preoccupations of his time and his people as to the Messiah. In short, it is the portrait of a Jew who believed himself to be the Messiah and had the apocalyptic notions of Paul and the first century of the Church. This Colani combats at length, with all his might and with striking ability. It is the same course that he pursues in his excellent book on the "Messianic Beliefs of the Time of Jesus." He shows that Jesus does not claim to be "Son of David," nor "Son of God," in the prevalent Messianic sense, but calls himself (eighty-three times) "Son of Man." This title is of his own creation. Renan, building up his framework on the basis of Jesus believing himself Messiah, is all wrong. "If Jesus held the apocalyptic beliefs you ascribe to him, his life and his death have nothing real, serious, human in them."

To Colani, this Messianic matter is the capital question. "It is because he has solved it ill, in my judgment, that the new historian of the sources of Christianity has not been able to comprehend the peerless greatness of the Galilean, but has found himself obliged to impute to him I know not what shabby policy. . . . . The painter has painted what he saw from his very false point of view; he has taken for reality his optical illusions; he has drawn conclusions from his own premises."

Colani gives credit to Renan, touching the miracles, for many just observations; but is down upon him, with all his criticism, for his suggestions and accusations of vulgar wonder-working to satisfy the Messianic hopes of the people. Colani does not switch off into religious or moral sentiment, but holds himself firm to the ground of impartial science and history. He is particularly sorry and indignant at the wretched Lazarus *fiasco* of Renan.

This leads him to Renan's doubts of the pure sincerity of Jesus,

which he demolishes, — still by scientific criticism and historic testimony. Renan does not believe heartily (only artistically) in the Ideal. “How should he then comprehend Jesus of Nazareth? He could see in him only a noble dreamer, who knew nothing of the true conditions of humanity. We touch here, I believe, the capital vice of the new *Vie de Jésus*.”

Colani lays down the pen, giving due credit to Renan for many excellent things in his book; but concludes, frankly, that the portrait in it is of a more than doubtful likeness, and, besides, not living. Speaking for the Strasburg school, he says: —

“We opened the book of M. Renan with sympathetic interest. We closed it with lively disappointment. Our hope does not lie in that direction. We must have a Life of Jesus based upon critical researches much severer and more original, and written with a loftier moral sentiment, more conformed to the spirit of Him who gave his life for the victory of the truth among men.”

### III.

Réville\* is not so sharp against Renan as Colani, — likes him better, knows him and admires him. He divides his pamphlet into two parts; — I. An apology for the book. II. A criticism upon it.

I. An apology, not as an advocate of the book, for it needs none, but as entering an energetic protest against the intolerance and ill-will which have been shown toward it and the writer of it. Yet may Renan say with Strauss, when they told him of the injurious replies to his *Leben Jesu*, that they were to be regarded not more than women’s cries when a gun is shot off. “These cries,” he said, “do not mean that any one is hurt, but only that a gun has been fired.”

The orthodox replies to Renan, Réville complains justly, have been marked with that most offensive and insolent form of intolerance, the fatal confounding of belief with the moral temper. This is effective in abusing a man, but it is not good against that prime and leading question, the question of the supernatural. Réville shows how, in this regard, the Deistical orthodoxy, the Protestant orthodoxy, and the Roman Catholic orthodoxy have dealt with the book.

As to the first two, he cites two pamphlets: — 1. “Opinion des Déistes Nationalistes sur la Vie de Jésus selon M. Renan. Par P. Larroque.” 2. “L’École Critique et Jésus Christ, à propos de la Vie de Jésus de M. Renan. Par E. de Pressensé.”

When we read the first, it seemed to us the work of a man somewhat annoyed and spiteful that any one should try to reinstate the Christian religion by any means, and who would formally read out M. Renan from the deistical ranks. Réville blames this orthodoxal tone, and finds fault with Larroque because he cites here and there passages at random, and judges the book in this external way, instead of discussing the principles of it.

As to the other, one is struck, in reading it, with its power and its

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\* *La Vie de Jésus, de M. Renan, devant les Orthodoxies et devant la Critique.*  
Par M. ALBERT RÉVILLE. Paris.

clear and cultured style of writing, and the good hits at Renan. Still there is a savor of orthodoxy unto orthodoxy about it. This Réville much dislikes,—and the more, it seems, as coming from a *liberal* orthodoxy,—making against it this telling statement: “His conception of the Trinity is more Arian than anything else; his theory of Inspiration logically issues in the sovereignty of the individual conscience; in regard to Redemption, his views have something indecisive and foggy about them which prevents equally criticism of them and consent to them; and as to Tolerance, no one has more warmly defended the cause of freedom in worship.” From one in this position, Réville thinks to see good treatment of the book. But here is an “*orthodoxie effrayante*,” and the proceeding of an advocate, not a critic, and the true orthodox illusion which supposes an adversary refuted because he has been parried with a flippant and cutting answer. In fine:—

“Deism cannot understand Renan, and consequently cannot refute him, because it cannot conceive a Christianity without miracle. Orthodoxy shows the same impotency, because it is condemned to treat, from its own traditional, aprioristic, supernatural point of view, an order of facts of which historical criticism has decisively taken possession.”

As to Romanist Orthodoxy *vs.* Renan, Réville takes up a “critical (?) examination of the *Vie de Jésus*” by the Abbé Freppel, Sorbonne Professor, which abuses to the top of its bent, after the way of popes, priests, and fishwomen, and insinuates that Renan is something like a second Judas. “Never was folly so joined to insolence.” “The author has done a bad deed and made a wicked book.” We remember as more dignified and decent,—in the high episcopal mood,—a charge to his clergy by Mgr. Plantier, Bishop of Nismes, finishing with a formal *condemnation!*

Réville’s second part — the critical — is the best thing in this connection we know; — best in respect to temper in treating Renan and his book, being perfectly generous and fair and kind; best in truly earnest religious sentiment, which warms up and brightens every line; best in its clear loyalty to the truth and keen penetration of the critical faults and blunders of the *Vie de Jésus*. It is not so minute an investigation as Colani’s. But it is as outspoken and damaging as to the *delicta* in interpretation and criticism. And it is in this respect, perhaps, more damaging than Colani, because he puts a so much higher estimate on the book in general. And then his style is charmingly fresh and bright, and by his suggestions and his honest view he is, perhaps, more satisfactory than Colani in his minute search.

His objections are threefold; — 1. In the way of Art (the historian’s art); 2. In the way of Religious Philosophy; 3. In the way of Biblical Criticism. In these three ways he finds the *Vie de Jésus* faulty.

1. Renan is not true to his art, both in not being true to the peerless *moral* sublimity of Jesus, and in his failure to see the perfect congruity in Jesus, from the beginning to the end of his work. Jesus is not, as Renan in artistically fashions him, the *charmant docteur* of Galilee and the *sombre géant* of Jerusalem.

2. Réville regrets that there is not a more thorough harmony be-

tween Renan's religious philosophy and the constituent ideas of the doctrine of the kingdom of God. He indicates the shifting of Renan between the objective and subjective God, the Heavenly Father of Jesus, and the transfiguration of self of the speculator. He thinks there is a better reconciliation between the religious sentiment and the claims of scientific knowledge than in this incertitude.

"Say that God is the Ideal. Very well: but this ideal must be living, and not an abstraction. If it is not living, if there is nothing objective in this allurement by which it acts upon me individually, then the world is turned upside down, it is I who create my God, who beget my father, and we are floundering in an inextricable logomachy, where words, dancing on their heads, mean just the opposite of what they say."

So much for the objection to the religious philosophy of the *Vie de Jésus*. But Réville will not allow Renan's ambiguity and indecision to be treated by the enemies of his book as tricky, disloyal subterfuge.

"If they were as religious as they think themselves, and as familiar with high philosophy as they claim to be, they would sooner respect the embarrassment of an honest conscience, which doubts, which seeks, which likes better to rest in what is vague, and even to contradict itself, than to disfigure the unknown truth by giving it features fixed and perhaps unfaithful. This state of mind comes too naturally by the religious crisis in which our age is struggling, to astonish any save those who have the good fortune or the evil fortune to remain apart from it."

3. In respect to Biblical Criticism, the point of difference and offence is with Réville as with Colani,—Renan's use of the fourth Gospel as authentic. From the clear authenticity of the Synoptics, Renan persists in not drawing the conclusion that the fourth is inauthentic. Therefore, he tumbles into that wretched Lazarus business, and hints at thaumaturgy, and falls into arbitrary conclusions which do not stand before a severe method, and into exaggerations, and into amazing mistakes of interpretation. This is all treated in the clearest and most cogent manner, and with the most charming temper in the world,—decisive, it seems to us, against Renan's use of the fourth Gospel and the critical slips he is guilty of.

Here, Réville takes up the apocalyptic *vies* of Jesus in contrast with those of his time, and his view of his miracles. Both these points are taken up with striking vigor and vivacity, as against Renan.

"I close," he says, "although matters of criticism and of praise multiply further than the eye can reach, or, rather, because of that. . . . M. Renan's book will mark a date in our literary history, and still more in the history of our spiritual progress. On the other hand, I believe I am right in adding that Jesus does not appear in this biography as grand, as pure, as he is in reality."

IN connection with this extreme liberty of discussion in religious matters, the sudden appearance of the Pope's Encyclical Letter of December 8, 1864, with its Appendix of December 22, reciting eighty prevalent heresies of the present day, condemning liberty of thought, and reasserting the most arrogant claims of ecclesiastical power made in any era of the Papacy, offers a very curious problem. Very re-

spectable Catholic authority has declared it a political blunder, a *coup d'état*, a serious blow at the very existence of the spiritual power of the hierarchy. As to its effect in Europe, we are told: "The Encyclical Letter has been condemned by every Catholic power. In France its publication has been prohibited, in Spain the ministry have announced that they will 'act energetically' against any priest who may break the law, in Italy the government has allowed the proclamation of jubilee and disallowed the remainder, and in Bavaria the Cabinet is resolved to 'maintain the privileges of the state.' In Russia the Emperor will, it is asserted, take advantage of the opportunity to abolish the Roman Catholic Church of Poland, not by prohibiting that form of worship, but by declaring that all the powers possessed by the Pope shall henceforward be exercised by an archbishop, to be appointed and removed by the Czar." \*

But we are chiefly interested to know how it has been received among the Roman Catholics of America. If they accept the assertion of the head of their Church, putting "under the ban" the very foundations of republican government itself, it would seem that they must elect between their allegiance to the United States and Rome, or else invite a deadly struggle for religious liberty in this hemisphere. We hope and expect better things of them, as American citizens; but it must tax the resources of casuistry to reconcile true allegiance here with submission to that ecclesiastical prerogative which asserts itself to be the same to-day as when its agencies were a St. Bartholomew's Massacre or an Albigensian Crusade.

#### ESSAYS, ETC.

M. AUGUSTE LAUGEL is known in this country as the author of several articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which the objects and character of the present war have been explained with ability, and its justice defended with eloquence. His recent work, entitled *Problèmes de la Nature*, † exhibits the same powers of analysis, and the same generous fervor, but in a critical application and a different sphere. It is an effort to reconcile, so far as may be, not dogmatically, for he has no system to establish, but in a large, necessary way, the study of philosophy and the pursuit of science; to take up again the abandoned traditions of Pascal and Leibnitz, and once more to reunite positive and speculative science; for mental speculation is but another form of observation. Logic does not create, it only develops ideas,— "and that which I have sought in the retorts of the laboratory, behind the glass covers in the museums, among the leaves of herbaria, and in zoölogical gardens,— it is ideas." In the presence of thought, the world becomes ideal, assumes as it were a soul. "The formulas of the differential calculus and of mechanics, as well as the marvels of the physical world, have always brought me back to philosophy." There is, indeed, a singular pleasure in thus wandering at will in the vast and

\* The Wesleyan Methodist.

† *Les Problèmes de la Nature*. Par AUGUSTE LAUGEL. Paris: Germer Baillière. New York: Baillière Brothers.

vague regions which lie between the domains of metaphysics and of science. You may follow different streams, but they all conduct you to one and the same great ocean at last. And those who have felt the fascination to which M. Laugel alludes will thank him for the many acute suggestions contained in the little book he now gives to the world, — to be followed hereafter by two other volumes devoted respectively to the *Problèmes de la Vie*, and the *Problèmes de l'Âme*, — ascending thus from the inorganic world to man.

In the *Problèmes de la Nature*, he considers only the universe as it is subject to chemico-physical forces, without touching upon life otherwise than to show its point of contact with them ; and in his analysis of material phenomena he reduces everything to two terms, force and form. Substance he considers to be subject to the action of a universal and eternal force, changing with its metamorphoses ; and he indicates the necessity now existing in science to trace side by side with dynamics the outlines of a system of aesthetics, since force does not explain everything, but only modifies form, while the latter, like force, is something absolute in itself. The present volume, therefore, is chiefly occupied with an exposition of the method and the character of the sciences, and the limitations which they encounter from our senses and the infirmity of our understanding, incapable of comprehending intuitively laws of which the expression is not reduced to simple terms. Stripping them of what is tangible, he exhibits them in their ideal relations, reducing astronomy, chemistry, physics, to universal dynamics, indicating thus the profound and mysterious communion of all scientific laws as yet known with the rational and ideal laws of movement.

It is impossible, as M. Laugel says, to separate psychological from scientific studies. And if the latter have served the cause of a vulgar materialism, it is either because they were not pushed far enough, or were badly interpreted by minds too eager to protest against the ancient system of metaphysics. As water escapes from between the fingers, so the idea of substance eludes our grasp the moment we attempt to separate it from that of movement (and by consequence of force) and from that of form. The consciousness of universal law is present to this age in a greater degree than it has been to any other. This faith, indeed, in the harmony and eternity of the forces of the world, breathes through all the literature of the time ; our poetry is naturalistic ; our criticism aims to detect the influence of climate and race in the confused history of mankind. Yet, as M. Laugel says, and the fact is too often overlooked, this idea of law takes from the world none of its charms ; on the contrary, its beauty becomes even more fascinating. The revelations of modern science may satisfy and weary the wildest imagination ; for if they deny the miraculous, they present a world which is itself a perpetual miracle. Their dominant idea is that of development, finding expression alike in the formation of languages, as of worlds, in the transformation of religions, as of plants, — a reason sovereign, universal, ordering all things, — a force infinite, varying, ceaseless. And to one who has such a faith, nothing can be indifferent, for the slightest act brings with it the remotest consequences. Life becomes invested with a grand solemnity.

Form and force are the supreme terms of human science. Æsthetics investigates the one; dynamics exhibits the other. But the study of form is still in its infancy. The ancient philosophy made no attempt to reconcile these two terms of matter and thought, but the discovery of the correlation of forces has changed the whole face of science; life is no longer separated from the living being, nor thought from the thinking being,—universal Law is one with the universe itself.

LEIGH HUNT, ever genial and instructive, is nowhere more genial and instructive than in his "Seer."\* The author was one of the most loving and nimble-witted of men. What a happy spirit he was, and what a good teacher he is of happiness to other men! If any one is sad, or grouty, or misanthropic, or disappointed, we can recommend no finer or easier cure than for him to read the Seer of Leigh Hunt. Thus it begins:—"Pleasure is the business of this book; we own it. We love to begin it with the word: it is like commencing the day with sunshine in the room. Pleasure for all who can receive pleasure; consolation and encouragement for the rest,—this is our device." These words truly describe the character of "The Seer." The writer, with keen eye, warm heart, and felicitous pen, hovers over a hundred topics aiming to point out "the largest and the least sources of pleasure, to break open the surfaces of habit and indifference and show what treasures they conceal." He believes man has not yet learned to enjoy the world he lives in, and he would help him to do so. To this high and beautiful task he brings rare qualifications. No one, until he has read the papers, would imagine what riches of subtle thought, good humor, and practical philosophy our author manages to extract from such simple themes as Windows, Color, A Pebble, A Flower, The East Wind, Nightmare, A Rainy Day, The Cat by the Fire, A Gentleman Saint, Put up a Picture in your Room, Strawberries. The treatment of these and kindred subjects is so wise, so graceful, so ingeniously calculated to profit while pleasing, that the reviewer feels it a satisfaction to praise the work, a duty to thank the publishers for reproducing it in such an exceedingly attractive style, and a privilege to urge all purchasers of the best books to add these volumes to the shelf on which they keep their choice treasures. Here are a couple of sentences as specimens:—"We feel a tenderness for every man when we consider that he has been an infant, and a respect for him when we see that he has had cares." "The reason why sweet music produces sadness surely is, that we have an instinctive sense of the fugitive and perishing nature of all sweet things, of beauty, of youth, of life; of all those fair shows of the world, of which music seems to be the voice, and of whose transitory nature it reminds us most when it is most beautiful, because it is then that we most regret our mortality."

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\* The Seer : or Commonplaces Refreshed. By LEIGH HUNT. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 2 vols.

THE new edition of Webster's Dictionary\* is the completion of a work of revision which was proposed and laid out as far back as 1847. Nearly a score of years is none too much for so arduous and important a labor. And the excellent result now shows the time has been well spent. The long changing, amplifying, adding, and pruning are brought to a good ending. The last revision is a great advance upon the first, and most honorable to those who have had it in hand. There will be always room for the criticism of a scrupulous judgment and a fastidious taste. Individual crotchets will not be kept out of any dictionary; and he who is nice about words will find every one open on some points to his censure. But all intelligent and conscientious work of this kind helps the cause of good letters. We congratulate, with a good will, those who have had this in hand, upon crowning their labors with so real a success. And we heartily welcome the new Dictionary as a true service to literature.

The battle has been fought already whether dictionaries are to be made picture-books. The praiser of the time which has gone must compose himself, as gracefully as may be, to the existing state of things. This is certain, that the Family Bible has lost its old place in the liking and use of the children. Here's metal more attractive. The dull dictionary has been changed into a treasury of pleasure for the little folks. Nor is that uncouthness wholly wanting in these, which, as we remember, made part of the charmed surprise in the Bible prints. If any child wishes for a shuddering pleasure and a delightful horror, such as his father had at sight of Apollyon in the Pilgrim's Progress of his youth, almost any of the birds here will help him to it. Let us recommend the *Flamingo*, as likely to touch him that way. Or if he would know how the German artist drew a camel "out of the depths of his consciousness," let him turn to the "Bactrian." The *Zebra* will give him an animating sense of the festive and "deboshed" manner of that beast. The mild *Aard-vark* may show him that the contemplative life has charms for brute philosophers, as well as human. And if the *Rhinolophus* does not scare him even to nightmare, he is a boy of very dull fancy. Any dulness, however, in that direction, will be done away at once upon sight of the mythologic deities here figured. Faculty the most dormant must stir responsive to the wild fancy which presided at the drawing of these forms. It were insidious to choose. But *Saturn*, perhaps, most amazes us. The "ancient statue" from which it is taken were worth a pilgrimage to see.

In seriousness, we regret that these pages should be loaded and disfigured with so many poorly drawn and worse conceived little pictures. Illustrations in a dictionary are an obvious help, if given with discretion. What could be made of "Putlog," or "Ampyx," without the pictures? Many terms in mechanics, science, art, heraldry, in naval and military matters, and the like, are most clearly defined to the eye.

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\* An American Dictionary of the English Language. By NOAH WEBSTER, LL. D. Thoroughly Revised and greatly Enlarged and Improved, by CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, D. D., LL. D., and NOAH PORTER, D. D. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. 1864.

We recognize the fitness of illustrations in respect of these, and find them here, for the most part, well done. The terminology of botany is specially well illustrated, with correct and graceful drawings. The conservative lover of the clean page of Johnson or Richardson may lament their intrusion, but we would not be without their help. Their aid compensates, without doubt, for the lumbering of the book with frequent ugly and useless ones. But we could wish it were not too late to rid it of its many deformities.

The battle, too, seems fought out in respect to the Websterian orthography. It is not worth while to discuss the peculiarities of it, since they will go, in the long run, for what they are worth. It is in a very few words that it differs from the best use. And this new edition, with good sense, leaves the choice open. Only, if the *jus et norma loquendi* decides, at last, for "mold" and "theater" and "worshiper," we are thankful it will not be till we are dead, and gone where the orthographic wicked cease from troubling.

The advance in philological study, in these last years, made a careful revision of the etymology necessary. The new edition merits attention for the pains bestowed on it, and for the completeness of the work. What scholarly learning and research have gone to finish it fairly, and give it real value, a glance at any page is enough to show. The Preface tells us that it has been, since 1854, in the capable hands of Dr. Mahn of Berlin, whose competency is newly certified here, as it was before marked in his editorship of the last edition of Heyse's *Fremdwörterbuch*, and in his own *Etymologische Untersuchungen auf dem Gebiete der Romanischen Sprachen*. If the Dictionary deserved less in other respects, the faithfulness and ability shown here would be its sufficient recommendation.

It is almost superfluous to speak of the excellence, in the main, of the definitions. Musical terms, we note, are laid down with marked simplicity and clearness; as "Symphony" and "Melody." The same is true of the terms of science and art in their various branches. It seems that particular pains were taken with these, and experts set to work upon them. Some of their definitions amount to little treatises; as, for example, "Geometry," "Chemistry," "Geology." And not less care is given to the general definitions, of which capital instances are found under "Hand" and "Get." We observe with pleasure that the absurd and pedantic subdivisions of meaning in former editions have been subjected to a severe revision. The number of definitions, for example, of "Go," is reduced from 39 to 11; of "Good," from 40 to 10; of "High," from 35 to 4; of "Give," from 23 to 7; of "Take," from 40 to 3; of "Turn," from 32 to 8; of "Run," from 56 to 3,—all to the gain of fulness and clearness, as well as brevity. A similar good work has been done in the vocabulary (consisting of more than 114,000 words), in which "self-explaining compounds have been designedly omitted by hundreds, if not by thousands." This reduction might well be carried indefinitely further, by omitting nine tenths of such prefixes as "un" and such affixes as "ness" and "ly,"—which, we hold, should be regarded by the dictionary-maker as simple *inflections*, such as the meagre genius of our language admits.

Of the introductory papers, we have read with most attention and interest that on the "Principles of Pronunciation." This little treatise is marked by nice observation and accuracy of ear, by just theory, where theorizing comes in play, and, above all, by common sense in the rules and suggestions. It is matter of regret that, in the rule for the digraph, *ph*, the writer should have found the law of use too rigid to admit of a decisive rebuke to the odious pronunciation *dip* for *dif* in such words as "Diphthong." And if he had anything to do with settling the pronunciation in the body of the work, we must wonder that he allowed to "Fuchsia" the slovenly, and, by the very definition there laid down, patently incorrect pronunciation, *fū-shī-ā* for the proper *fooks-i-ā*. Not long ago, we heard a conceited lecturer pronounce "Vase," *vaws*. Think of it! "You may break, you may shatter the *vaws*, if you will!" We could hardly believe our pained and insulted ears; and thought that, if that inanity got ground in common speech, the pillared firmament were rottenness and earth's base built on stubble. We turn to the "Synopsis of Words differently pronounced"; and, with special pleasure, we find one only authority for this wretched cacophony, and that the Irish orthoëpist, Knowles. Obviously, it is the rich brogue passing itself off for English. The long *o* in "Bronze" is a conceit originating with the same dubious foreign authority. Yet we call to mind hearing our most fastidious of orators say *brōnze*. The synopsis is full and careful, and we have found reading it as amusing as it is profitable.

This notice would be incomplete without a word upon the novel — as far as we know, the exceptional — and valuable addition, in the "Vocabulary of the Names of noted Fictitious Persons and Places." The tutor used to prescribe to the young men in college a page of dictionary every day. Had they followed the excellent advice, their thought and language might have been medicined out of the crudeness and many peccant humors of their callow age. But they would have taken the prescription with a better grace, had the dictionaries of those days held this vocabulary which it is so pleasant to look over. It may well be believed that, as the maker of it says in his Preface, it was a task of great difficulty. But it must have been not so much in gathering material, as in choosing what to keep. The rule he followed seems the sound and judicious one; namely, to admit or reject names not by "the intrinsic merit of a book, or the reputation of the writer, but by the hold which his characters have taken upon the popular mind." It is the application, again, of the wise rule of use, as far as it may be made to fit the matter of such a vocabulary.

Of course, it is not complete. What portion of a dictionary ever is final? Upon close criticism, many omissions will doubtless be found, hardly to be accounted for. But the work is done with care and judgment. Too much was not proposed, which is a prime condition of doing a great deal well. The idea was a happy one, and the carrying out of it is as felicitous. To those who consider the difficulty of breaking ground in a new field, the enterprise and its issue must be a surprise. The compiler is honored in the suggestion of it, and in his admirable

performance. It is most creditable to the publishers also, that they saw at once its value, and made a place for it in their great work. It will prove its importance in the use both of men of letters and the general reader. It is a worthy addition to the encyclopedic character of the Dictionary, and it is not the least among the many things which recommend it.

We are not of those who will not read a book before reviewing it, lest they get a prejudice ; but we cannot claim to have looked this big one through. Yet it is not a careless reading we have given it, and we have found that the more care we spent upon it, and the further perusal, the more profit and pleasure we got from it. It is perhaps somewhat too weighty praise to say, with some, that "Webster's Unabridged" is a book no volunteer should be without in his knapsack. But we commend it heartily, and we believe with reasons which those who consult it will understand.

#### HISTORY.

It speaks well for the prosperity of the literary calling, that Messrs. Walker, Wise, & Co. have felt themselves warranted, in time of war, in commencing so important an enterprise as the publication of a History of France, in sixteen volumes.\* Nothing but the magnitude of the undertaking can have prevented the translation of M. Martin's great work long before this. There is not at present in our language any History of France which meets in any adequate degree the wants of those readers, still so numerous, to whom the French tongue is unknown. The voluminous works of Ranken and Gifford are out of date. The work of Sir Eyre Crowe, recently published, is confessedly written "from an English point of view," and lacks, as most histories do, the philosophic spirit which can alone make such works either profitable or interesting. Probably no Englishman could write an impartial history of France. No more can a Frenchman, we admit ; but admiration and patriotism are better preparation than national antipathy and jealousy, and the story is best told by a Frenchman like M. Martin, who, while wanting nothing of the French spirit, is able to temper it with a calmness of judgment and a warmth of sympathy which give us the assurance beforehand, that his work is not in the interest of the French nation alone, but of the human race.

The French men of letters have by no means been indifferent to the attractions of this great subject. There are many French Histories of France,—several which cover the whole ground, notably those of Sismondi, Michelet, and Martin. Sismondi's fills thirty-one volumes, and was too formidable to be approached by any but the boldest of translators. He considered it, however, a compact work, saying of the three volumes which treated of Louis XIV. and his time, "Trois volumes ne peuvent offrir qu'un abrégé de l'histoire de Louis XIV." Of the other two, it may be said that they are so utterly unlike as hardly to

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\* Martin's History of France. The Age of Louis XIV. By HENRI MARTIN. From the Fourth Paris Edition. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH. Boston : Walker, Wise, & Co. 2 vols. 8vo.

occupy the same ground. Michelet presupposes in his readers a knowledge of the principal events of the history, and so does not trouble himself to narrate much, but entertains them with a brilliant running commentary on the remarkable or hidden points in the diplomacy of the government, the biography of the royal families or of the nobility, not disdaining a choice bit of scandal now and then, but employing all his skill and grace of expression to render it the more *piquant*. Like Carlyle in his "French Revolution," he gives us a series of pictures, strongly painted, with infinite variety of detail, but without much of continuity or coherence. His work is therefore complementary of Martin's, which is more like a history of Macaulay's,—a simple, continuous, and perfectly honest and faithful narrative of the action of the time, so far as it appeared on the public stage. In the present volumes, for example, he shows us France, in the person of the great king, devoured by ambition, and laying reckless hands on the resources of her people, that the name of Louis might gain new splendor by conquest abroad and luxury at home. He shows us the rapid growth of the insane passion for display, which became the ruling motive of Louis, and which ended by hardening his heart, and stifling the little that was generous or honorable in his nature. He shows us, though less in detail, the nation, thus used for its master's glory, sinking under the ceaseless drain of physical energy, and yet more under the frightful persecutions of religious bigotry, until, long before the end of the chapter, its strength and spirit were utterly broken down, and it answered but feebly to the demands of its ruined monarch. A melancholy picture! Yet this is the reign which has been, nay, which still is, the pride of all Frenchmen! This is the age which even the nineteenth century is not ashamed to call the Augustan age! A great nation, twenty millions strong, first in literature, in the arts, in material resources, among the nations of the world, prostrate at the feet of a selfish and heartless tyrant, and yielding up treasure and blood, the comforts of life and life itself, that he might humble the pride of his rivals and exalt his own too famous name. The first generals of Europe exhausting, at his command, the population of their country to fill the armies, now of conquest, and now of persecution. The noblest intellects of Europe,—poets, philosophers, men of science, statesmen, priests,—ministering on bended knees, with panegyrics which rivalled each other in extravagance and falsehood, to his ridiculous and insatiable vanity. And as the natural result, a nation plunged in the extremest depths of misery and gloom, worn out with hunger and cold, with idleness and apathy, and a court with its old brightness faded, its old conquests relinquished, its haughty king borne down to the grave with grief, disappointment, failure, and shame, and his wretched people left at his death helpless in the hands of a Regent, whose name stands for all that is profligate and beastly in human nature.

For the manner in which M. Martin has told this story, we have great, though not unqualified admiration. His style is admirable,—bright, direct, compact, and forcible. His descriptions are never ambitious, never wearisome, always intelligible. His summaries are ex-

tremely good,—that, for instance, with which the first of these volumes commences, which describes rapidly the material condition of France when Louis began his reign; the account of Colbert's system of government, of the growth of literature, science, and the arts; his accounts of the great men of the time, as Bossuet and Fénelon, Corneille and Racine, Molière and La Fontaine, Lebrun, Perrault, Mansart, and Lenotre, of the gigantic military works of Vauban, and of the varying financial systems of the successive ministers. But his accounts of the life of the people are meagre. He repeatedly shows us the extremity of wretchedness and want to which they are reduced; but we get no intimate view of them in their homes, in the fields, and about their daily work. We hear of the *just-au-corps à brévêt*,—a costume worn only by the king and a few nobles who received express permission from the king's own hand,—but we hear nothing of the dress of the people. The magnificence of Versailles and of Marly is described with minuteness, but not the domestic architecture of the cities, the homes of the peasantry, the methods of agriculture and trade, the wages of labor, and the thousand details which make up the life of the nation. Yet there must be materials ample enough for the historian who desired to enlighten his readers on these points. With M. Martin, as with most other writers, the history of France is the history of its court. “*L'état, c'est moi.*”

Another objection which we are inclined to make to this work is that the author excuses Louis too much, even while admitting and condemning his crimes. Martin is a true Liberal, that is well known; his sympathies are pretty sure to be given to whatever cause is the cause of Justice and Freedom and Human Rights. America will not soon forget the noble words he has spoken for her, against the full tide of European prejudice and interest. But it is useless to expect a Frenchman to refuse his admiration to anything which has about it the halo of military glory. The name of France under Louis XIV. was incontestably glorious; and Martin, in following the splendid history of the earlier portion of his reign, while he does not omit to censure, cannot refrain from occasionally throwing up his cap with the rest. And at the close of the second volume, this is the way he sums up and delivers his verdict:—

“Quand le monde nouveau, éclos dans les tempêtes il y a soixantedix ans, aura trouvé sa forme et son assiette, quand la société libre et démocratique sera définitivement fondée et incontestée, quand les parties n'auront plus à chercher des armes dans l'histoire, le nom de Louis XIV. n'excitera plus la colère du peuple, comme l'expression d'un principe ennemi, et sa statue, tour à tour adornée et brisée, se reposera enfin pour les siècles parmi les grandes images du Panthéon national. Si le peuple n'oublie pas les coupables et funestes erreurs de Louis, il se souviendra aussi que Louis a mérité d'être identifié au siècle le plus éclatant qu'ait encore vu la civilisation moderne. La France pardonne volontiers, trop volontiers peut-être, à tous ceux qui l'ont aimée, même d'un amour personnel et tyrannique, à tous ceux qui l'ont faite glorieuse même au dépens de son bonheur; elle n'est implacable qu'envers les mémoires des chefs qui l'ont dégradée.”

Now this is amiable and patriotic, and withal beautifully expressed;

but it is not quite just. Nothing can be clearer, upon M. Martin's own showing, than that Louis was an odious character. He had perhaps at the beginning not a bad heart; but he was bursting with the most monstrous conceit which the world has ever seen. Pope's couplet he would have considered a moderate statement of his importance in the universe,—

“Seas roll to waft me ; suns to light me rise ;  
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.”

No rights were sacred which stood in the way of his inclinations. He opened letters from the mails; he kept in a long imprisonment the nobleman whose only offence was that of serving as a medium between Mademoiselle de la Vallière and her convent, after Louis had forsaken her for Montespan; he exiled the husband of Montespan, who was absurd enough to object to giving up his wife; he revoked the Edict of Nantes, and burned alive for heresy the satirical poet Petit and the mystic Morin. Martin condemns the offences, but says that Louis was “led away by the logic of a false principle, and not by depravity of heart.” He admits that Louis and the government, once started on the career of “glory,” pursued it without regard to the awful suffering which it caused the masses of the French people. “Never was error more excusable!” he exclaims; “how resist this seduction which all endured and which all practised? Society was like an immense concert, in which all the parts joined to form a universal harmony. . . . Marvelous whole of the most elaborate and complete society that has appeared in the world since the ancients! vast and living picture, the aspect of which fascinated all who surrounded it! All people admired and imitated. The language, the fashions, the ideas of France overran Europe,” &c.

His later life was worse than his earlier. He intrigued meanly with the German Emperor and the English King for the partition of Spain; he shirked his treaties, he bribed the Electors, he devastated the Palatinate, he bombarded Genoa, he hunted his Protestant subjects like wolves; he hated, in Martin's words, “both political and religious liberty with ever increasing hatred”; he was guilty of the meanest ingratitude towards every one of the great men who made his greatness for him (witness the end of Colbert, of Vauban, of Fénelon); but—his career was *éclatant!* Would M. Martin accept the same excuse for his present Emperor?

We have a word to say respecting the manner in which the translation of this work has been begun. So important a work deserves to be fairly treated in this regard, not only for its own sake, but because the translation itself depends so much for its interest and its popularity upon the skill and competence of the translator. Unfortunately, to translate the best French prose, with all its idiomatic grace, into clear and vigorous English, without losing either the sense or the spirit of the original, is by no means an easy task, and demands a knowledge of both languages which very few persons possess. A translation is not a good one unless the reader is made to forget that it is a translation. We are compelled to say that the volumes before us will not bear this test, and no one at all acquainted with the French language can-

help remembering and regretting the original at every page. Miss Booth has undertaken a work of great magnitude, and we cordially recognize and commend the courage and industry with which she has commenced it. The great merit of *faithfulness*, so often despised by ambitious translators, she possesses in an eminent degree, and we might even say that the excess of it has been the cause of most of the faults of her translation, inasmuch as it has led her, as a rule, to preserve in her English sentences the precise construction of their French originals; a practice of which the necessary result is either awkwardness or incorrectness, or both. One form of expression in particular she uses so frequently, that it becomes finally either ludicrous or annoying, according to the mood of the reader. Describing the exhaustion of Spain in 1665, at the close of the "War for the Queen's rights," Martin says, "La monarchie de Charles Quint, la monarchie des deux mondes, n'avait plus en face d'elle que le petit royaume de Portugal, et ne pouvait l'abattre." Which Miss Booth translates thus: "The monarchy of Charles V., the monarchy of both worlds, *had no longer to face but the little kingdom of Portugal*, yet could not overthrow it," — which is of course precisely the reverse of what M. Martin says in French. This is not an oversight; it is the constant rule throughout these two volumes, whenever a similar form of statement is to be made. Under Fouquet, the treasurers of state "were no longer but his bookkeepers," the close of Colbert's career "was no longer but a painful struggle"; the position of governor of a city or province, formerly held for life, was now granted "no longer but for three years"; — and so on, until, on the fifty-eighth page of the second volume, we find for the first time the correct form of expression, — "the conduct of the government presented no longer *anything* but variations and inconsistencies." A gleam of hope encourages us to believe that the translator has at length been reminded of her error. But alas! it is the only instance of the correct rendering; on page 95, we find again the old form, — "France had no longer but a single general of renown, Luxembourg"; "Italy was no longer but a shadow of itself"; "Holland was no longer but a plain of ice"; — and so on to the end of the volume. Then we have frequent examples of sentences so dislocated as to be not only awkward, but almost unintelligible; — as this: "The governments of cities and provinces, for life by law, hereditary in fact though the system of reversion passed into use, had wellnigh renewed feudalism." Or this about Malebranche: "This contemplator of the divine ideal, who seems to have sprung up from the depth of a Thebaid, was, the painter of Heaven, like Leseur, a child of Paris, that city bustling and active above all others." In these instances, as in scores of similar ones, the translation is perfectly literal, but is literal like that of a school-girl who has yet to get knowledge and experience in the use of English. Another class of faults arises from this literalism. We mean those in which, without absolute incorrectness, the English word which answers in the dictionary to the French word is by no means equally appropriate. A moment's thought, for instance, would have shown Miss Booth that, although *cribler* means

"to sift, to riddle," yet the French language easily allows exaggerations which in ours are absurd; and that to talk of "riddling" with musket-balls the façade of the Farnese Palace at Rome, is one of these. Similarly, John de Witt was "*felled* with a pistol-shot"; the wounds of Holland were still *green*; the magnificence of Versailles cost the nation "grievous efforts and inexhaustible sweats"; &c., &c. Miss Booth, if she ever stops to choose a word, chooses not that which is most expressive of the author's idea, but that which is most like the original. Thus *combattre* is always *to combat*, an awkward word; *ineptie* becomes "ineptness," which is hardly an English word; *affaiblissement* is "enfeeblement," *cupide*, "cupiditous," an abominable word, and, worst of all, *françisée* is rendered in strict accordance with the dictionary, "frenchified"! Of grammatical errors, pure and simple, these are examples:—"With this public calamity had coincided to him a great private calamity"; Marlboro' was "reinstated into his offices"; "the 18th, at evening, the trenches were opened"; &c., &c.

We are sincerely sorry to find fault with these handsome and interesting volumes, but we are sure the translator will have the good sense to own that we are only doing her a kindness in helping her to perceive what every one who reads her book cannot fail to see, and in endeavoring at least to induce her to bestow upon the volumes which are to follow that careful and deliberate revision which shall render criticism for the future unnecessary.

#### POETRY AND FICTION.

No tragedy of purer pathos has been lived in our days than the brief existence of David Gray.\* Born in the cottage of a handloom weaver near Glasgow, eagerly using every means to educate himself, the motions of genius impelled him to find his way to London. After a short struggle there with the unpropitious social elements, sickness seized him, and he wandered back to the parental roof, and died at the early age of twenty-three, — the proof-sheets of his poems in his hand.

David Gray is a character of extraordinary freshness and genuineness. He is one of those pronounced and vivid persons who are strangely attractive and hard to forget. His sensibility is wonderfully deep, quick, and lucid. His affection is singularly tenacious in its tenderness. He has that unmistakable quality of high poetic genius, the dissolving and crystallizing power of imaginative moods. Each mood converts its related universe into an amber chamber, where we walk or gaze enchanted, seeing all things in silent picture. Our author says:—

"Once more, O God, thy wonders take my soul.  
A winter day ! the feather-silent snow  
Thickens the air with strange delight, and lays  
A fairy carpet on the barren lea.  
No sun, yet, all around, that inward light  
Which is in purity,— a soft moonshine,  
The silvery dimness of a happy dream."

There was in the poor, loving, unhappy, yet happy David Gray the

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\* Poems by DAVID GRAY. With Memoirs of his Life. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

making of a great man and a great poet, if he had possessed the physical stamina to live. Alas for poor humanity, so often subdued to sorrow and oblivion by that stern and balking *if!* While the stricken poet lay fading towards eternity, he wrote to a friend: "As my time narrows to a completion, you grow dearer. I think of you daily with quiet tears. I think of the happy days we might have spent together at Maryburgh; but the vision darkens. My crown is laid in the dust forever. Nameless too! This shall be my epitaph, if I have a grave-stone at all,—

‘‘T was not a life,  
‘‘T was but a piece of childhood thrown away.’’

But not so. His genius has flung a purer lustre on the fields that knew his boyish footsteps, and he has sung the pastoral beauty of his Scottish streamlet into fame. As long as the "Luggie" runs to the sea, it will whisper to the dwellers and visitors there the name of the gentle minstrel whose love has lent the lapsing current a music sweeter than its own. Already his neighbors and friends have built a monument to him in Glasgow. The best living critic in the English language, Matthew Arnold, characterizes him as "a youth of genius, whose name, but the other day unheard of, is henceforth written in the history of English poetry." And now, in this choice reprint beginning to circulate over America, the touching narrative of his life and death—with the delicious beauty, sincerity, and tenderness of his translucent and limpid poetry—will make many a sympathetic bosom ache, and keep his memory alive in thousands of affectionate hearts. To use his own words, he

“ Died while the first sweet consciousness of manhood  
To maiden thought electrified his soul ;  
Faint beatings in the calyx of the rose.  
Bewildered reader ! pass without a sigh,  
In a proud sorrow ! There is life with God  
In other kingdom of a sweeter air.  
In Eden every flower is blown.”

IT is rare that a writer with such sterling merits as Jean Ingelow acquires such sudden and extensive popularity. Her poems—recently introduced to the American people by a new firm, rapidly distinguishing itself for a happy combination of judgment, taste, and enterprise—have run through twelve editions. They are in all respects worthy of the success. Now she appears as a writer of prose.\* We have in one volume five carefully studied stories. All have morals which are not mechanically tacked upon them, but are vitally inwrought with their substance. They are written in a style of uncommon correctness, sincerity, and vigor. They are deeply interesting, without being in the least degree sensational. They are quite free from morbid taint and extravagance, emphatically pure and wholesome. We earnestly recommend this book for Sunday-school libraries. It is admirably fitted for teachers and the elder pupils; and there is nothing in it, we think, to which the members of any Christian sect will object.

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\* *Studies for Stories.* By JEAN INGELOW. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

ADALBERT STIFTER is ranked by the critics among the best prose-writers of Austria. We do not think the praise is too high. His last work, entitled *Der Nachsommer*,\* would certainly give him a place among the successful writers of a country more distinguished for literary excellence than Austria. It hardly describes it to call it a novel. In our sense of that word there are very few novels worth reading in German, in spite of the stupendous quantity of printed matter the press throws upon the market under that name. It is a poetic creation, indeed, a *Dichtung*, of a naïve and original kind, but not a novel which pictures life as it ought to be or is. It is rather an ideal portrait, just far enough removed from reality to make it idyllic, without making it impossible,—a dream, perhaps, yet with all the outlines of the real world so carefully preserved that you feel that you live in it, ennobled by its beauty and calmed by its peace.

But before we describe the book, let us explain the writer, for the two go together. Born in Southern Bohemia, in 1806, the son of a cotton-spinner, he was prepared by the Benedictine Abbey at Kremsmünster for the University at Vienna, which he entered in 1826, to study law. But he soon turned away to the pursuits of political science, and then to philosophy and history, and finally to natural science and mathematics. Upon leaving the University, he became a private tutor, and presently was appointed to the charge of Prince Richard Metternich. In the year 1848, he removed from Vienna to Linz, where in 1849 he was established as Councillor of the Educational Board for Upper Austria. But he had already shown great talent for drawing and painting, as well as for fiction. And from 1844 to 1851 were published his various contributions to the periodicals of the day, in six volumes, entitled *Studien*. In 1852 appeared, in two small volumes, a charming collection of stories under the title of *Bunte Steine*, remarkable for their combination of dramatic effect with extreme simplicity of motive and style.

His last work, so far as we know, is *Der Nachsommer*, in which, it is obvious, are concentrated the results of the experience of his life. It is the story of a young man of the middle class,—his father a shop-keeper in Vienna, as one easily recognizes from the description of certain localities,—who shows early a great fondness for study, in which is indulged and helped by his father, himself a person of good attainments in literature and art, though assiduously devoted to his calling, and finding his only recreation in the collection of engravings and books and gems. The family live a quiet life in the city, and as time goes on and the boy increases in knowledge and in years, it becomes a question what shall be done with him; but the kindly father with a good sense only met with in the ideal world, lets him go his way and develop himself. In the winter he lives at home; in the summer he makes journeys on foot among the mountains for scientific investigation. It is in the course of one of these pedestrian excursions that he seeks refuge from an impending storm in a rose-embowered white house,

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\* *Der Nachsommer. Eine Erzählung von ADALBERT STIFTER.* [Drei Bände.] Pesth: Verlag von Gustav Heckenast. 1857.

where, after a curious preliminary dispute as to whether there will be any rain, he finds a hospitable welcome. The description of this house is one of the most beautiful creations in German literature. We hope it will some day be translated into English. The acquaintance thus made is renewed year after year, as the youth goes forth in the spring-time on his journeys. By and by appear other characters ; an elderly lady, Mathilde, and her beautiful daughter, Natalie, visit at the Asperhof, as the "white house" is called, and with two or three subordinate personages they make up all the actors. There is really no plot in the work. With the exception of part of the last volume, which is devoted to a painful narrative of the early relations of Mathilde and the white haired host of the Asperhof, who proves to have been a cabinet minister, the whole three volumes are simply the description of a quiet country life. And the marvel of the book is, that this description, drawn through three volumes of at least five hundred pages each, instead of being tiresome, should grow more and more fascinating, so that we read slowly, anxious not to finish it. If the length of a book is to be determined by its interest, *Der Nachsommer* cannot be said to be long. But the secret of its charm is obvious. There is no proper development of character in it, no action whatever. The persons play an inferior part ; they are merely the *staffage* to the landscape, beautiful and calm with the valleys and hills and forests, and the fragrant air, and the gorgeous sunset, and the greensward, and the roses. "Next to religion," says the author in another work, "I look upon art as the highest thing on earth," — art, that is, not so much in its limited and lower sense of music and painting, but rather as it flows from that grander faculty which penetrates the secrets of life and the charms of nature, and blends them both together to lift you as on a wave of thought to a higher plane of being. In this delicate apprehension of nature in all its subtle relations, Stifter has few rivals, perhaps, among recent writers ; there is something wonderfully rich in his descriptions ; an enthusiasm almost religious pervades them, while the exquisite simplicity of the style crowns them with the last attainment of art. Yet, with all that is ideal, there is a healthy practical meaning in the work. Art, poetry, science, — this is not the whole of life. Love is better than ambition ; culture is better than success ; the family life is the best life, for without it all earthly striving is upon a false basis, and will lead to false ends.

#### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

MISS COBBE has furnished one of the best works on regenerated Italy.\* It is not a passing glimpse of places familiar to the world ; it is not another dissertation on well-worn antiquities ; it is the united kingdom of Italy as seen by the brightest English eyes, and told by a pen eloquent in description, frank in avowal, hearty in hope. Everything about the book is attractive. Her anecdotes are new, spicy, and abundant ; her word-painting, as in the chapter on Nervi, is altogether

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\* Notes on Polities, People, and Places in Italy in 1864. By FRANCES POWER COBBE. London : Trübner & Co. 1864.

felicitous ; her conclusions are confirmed by all we know from other quarters, and all the experience of mankind elsewhere. Excluding the Piedmontese valleys, she does not allow that there are three thousand Protestants in all Italy, and these mostly added in the last year, with very few men of education in their number. None of our forms of worship seem at home there. English Episcopalianism is plainly an exotic, and New England Calvinism still more an alien. But may we not expect some new development of worship, adapted to the artistic taste of the people, to their luxurious climate, and passionate cravings ? Miss Cobbe intimates nothing of the kind. She thinks it well, on the whole, that Rome has not yet become the seat of the new kingdom, because the antiquated views there prevalent could not benefit the Deputies, because the kingdom could hardly continue as united in sentiment as now, and because "each day that Pio Nono holds Rome, he loses moral influence." She shows that France could only be hearty in Italian revolution when there was a hope of a confederation of petty states over which she could rule ; but that when Italy determined to be powerful, created an army of four hundred thousand men, organized a government as constitutional as that of England, it was all over with the efficient sympathy of France. She criticises Garibaldi with some harshness, but does not feel the absurdity of Victor Emmanuel's plunging into the abysses of bankruptcy for the sake of maintaining an enormous army which he dare not use, abandoning the liberal clergy to starvation, and surrendering the schools to new teachers. On the whole, Miss Cobbe's intelligence is recent, valuable, and trustworthy ; her descriptions are successful, and her promise of the future is brave and full of hope.

THE ambition of making a large book out of small materials has made the Times correspondent's account of the Danish invasion exceedingly tiresome, and spoilt a fine subject.\* The same groundless conjectures about the London Conference do duty through several chapters ; while hardly a single surmise about the Danish government but is repeated again and again, with the undaunted purpose of making something out of a good many nothings. The same high testimony given to Danish character by Hon. Mr. Herbert, in "The Danes in Camp," is everywhere offered by Mr. Gallenga. He could find no such thing as hovel, beggar, thief, or camp-follower ; — hardly any illiterate persons, or soldiers weaned from home affections. He experienced the largest hospitality, especially from country persons ; the innkeepers nowhere proved extortioners ; there was no disposition to make money out of the distressed state of affairs ; friendliness, good nature, thorough honesty, marvellous endurance, seem native to the soil ; he awards the Dane the palm for associating the simplicity of patriarchal morals with the thorough refinement of civilized manners. The estates, he suggests, in precise opposition to the statements of McCulloch, are too large, and too many royal parks abridge the already limited terri-

\* The Invasion of Denmark in 1864. By A. GALLENGA, Special Correspondent of "The Times." London : Bentley. 2 vols.

tory; but he does not penetrate to the real cause of the nearly stationary character of the population. In the singular war now brought to so disastrous a close, the Danes were utterly deceived by foreign powers, especially England,—whose advice they followed in hope of its being sustained by armed interference. And the Danish war department proved itself imbecile; it shut its eyes to the immense improvements everywhere made in military weapons; it built no adequate defences; it provided no rifled cannon; it promoted generals for mere seniority; it made the worst use of thoroughly brave troops, confining them where they were slowly butchered by the superior Prussian and Austrian batteries. So that, after four weeks' incessant bombardment at Dybböl, the defenders of their country were obliged to give up everything,—obliged to let their enemies take as many lives as they pleased, mutilate the dead, and insult these deserted heroes by stripping them nearly naked. Mr. Gallenga evidently favors the idea, however impracticable at present, of uniting Denmark with Norway and Sweden, in such a Scandinavian empire as would resist the aggressions of Russia and constitute a first-class power.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

##### THEOLOGY.

History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles. By Dr. Augustus Neander. Translated from the German by J. E. Ryland. Translation revised and corrected according to the Fourth German Edition, by E. G. Robinson, D. D. New York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 547.

A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on the Pastoral Epistles. With a Revised Translation, by Right Rev. Charles J. Ellicott, D. D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Andover: Warren F. Draper. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 265.

Meditations on the Essence of Christianity, and on the Religious Questions of the Day. By M. Guizot. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1865. 12mo. pp. 356.

##### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. By Abel Stevens, LL. D. New York: Carlton & Porter. Vols. I., II. 12mo. pp. 423, 511.

Autobiography, Correspondence, &c. of Lyman Beecher. Edited by Charles Beecher. New York: Harper & Brothers. Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 587. (To be noticed.)

##### SCIENTIFIC AND PROFESSIONAL.

Introduction to the Study of International Law, designed as an Aid in Teaching, and in Historical Studies. By Theodore D. Woolsey, President of Yale College. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. New York: Charles Scribner. 8vo. pp. 441. (To be noticed.)

Preparatory Latin Prose Book, containing all the Latin Prose necessary for

entering College, with Grammatical References, Notes, Vocabulary, and Index. By J. H. Hanson. Eleventh Edition, enlarged and improved. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth. 12mo. pp. 881. (This excellent compilation now includes all the Latin prose required at Harvard, and is to be made still more valuable by being adapted to Harkness's Latin Grammar. Sallust's "Catiline," and the selections from Cicero's Letters are a peculiar and useful feature of this book.)

Lectures on the Science of Language, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in February, March, April, and May, 1863. By Max Müller. Second Series, with Thirty-one Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 662. (A volume of special interest, for its analysis of vocal utterance, its illustration of the growth of verb-roots, and its sketch of Comparative Mythology. Some of these we hope to illustrate more fully hereafter.)

#### NOVELS AND TALES.

- My Brother's Wife. A Life History. By Amelia B. Edwards. pp. 112;  
 Quite Alone. By George Augustus Sala. pp. 195;  
 Mattie, a Stray. pp. 157.—New York: Harper & Brothers.  
 Chateau Frissac; or, Home Scenes in France. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 239.  
 The Boy Slaves. By Captain Mayne Reid. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 321. (A Tale of the Desert of Sahara.)

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Chambers's Encyclopædia, a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Illustrated. Vol. VI. Labrador — Numidia. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 827.

Also, the succeeding numbers, including the 88th,—Numismatics—Phrenology.

House and Home Papers. By Christopher Crowfield (Mrs. H. B. Stowe). Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 333. (Reprinted from the Atlantic Monthly.)

Enoch Arden. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 24mo. pp. 42. (Paper, price 25 cents.)

The Culture of the Observing Faculties in the Family and the School; or, Things about Home, and How to make them Instructive to the Young. By Warren Burton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo. pp. 170.

The Handbook of Dining; or, Corpulence and Leanness scientifically considered. By Brillat-Savarin. Translated by L. F. Simpson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo. pp. 200.

The American Union Speaker, containing Standard and recent Selections in Prose and Poetry, for Recitation and Declamation, in Schools, Academies, and Colleges. With Introductory Remarks and Explanatory Notes. By John D. Philbrick. Boston: Taggard & Thompson. 8vo. pp. 588.

Lessons on the Subject of Right and Wrong, for Use in Families and Schools.. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth. 12mo. pp. 88.

#### ERRATUM.

Page 218, line 21, for *Maidi* read *Mondi*.

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## CONTENTS.

---

ART.	PAGE
I. THE TRUE WORK AND METHOD OF THE PREACHER . . . . .	157
II. THE NAME, AND THE IDEA, OF GOD . . . . .	198
III. GIORDANO BRUNO . . . . .	206
IV. KING COAL AND KING COTTON . . . . .	241
V. OUR CONVICTS . . . . .	250
VI. FIRST CYCLE OF THE HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND . . . . .	260
VII. THE FOURTH OF MARCH . . . . .	274
VIII. REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE . . . . .	286

*Theology.* Sermons at the Church of St. Paul, 286. Strauss's New Life of Jesus, 286. Renan Controversy in France, 288 — *Essays, etc.* Lauzel's Problems of Nature, 295. Leigh Hunt's Seer, 297. Webster's Dictionary, 298. — *History.* Martin's History of France, 301. — *Poetry and Fiction.* David Gray's Poems, 306. Jean Ingelow's Studies for Stories, 307. Stifter's Nachsommer, 307. — *Geography and Travels.* Miss Cobbe's Italy, 309. Invasion of Denmark, 310.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED . . . . .	311
-------------------------------------	-----